



The Witch from the Well

AN EIGHTH DOCTOR AND MARY SHELLEY ADVENTURE BY RICK BRIGGS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: PAUL MCGANN

Time traveller.

MARY SHELLEY: JULIE COX

Pragmatic, spirited, educated would-be feminist. 19.

AGNES BATES:

(doubles as **THE WITCH**)

Husky proto-hippyish Earth-mother. 40/50s.

MASTER JOHN KINCAID:

Cruel apparatchik driven by Divine Certainties. 40s/50s.

FINICIA:

Stroppy teenage girl with a manipulative streak. Smarter than Lucern. 17.

LUCERN:

(doubles as **CORNET SWALLOW & SITE FOREMAN**)

Teenage boy who tends towards physical resolutions. 17./Hard-bitten military type./Polish builder. 30s.

ALEISTER PORTILLON/SQUIRE CLAUDE PORTILLON:

Woosterish amateur academic and minor aristocrat./Earnest landowner & ancestor of Aleister. 30s.

BEATRIX:

Credulous peasant who knows her place. 30s.

ALSO: LABOURERS; VILLAGERS; SOLDIERS.

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY.

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PART ONE

1: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FOLLY

(FX: BIG EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT – WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONSTRUCTION SITE.)

EAST EUROPEAN LABOURERS:
Hold it!/This way!/To me! [ETC]

ALEISTER:
Careful there, old man! Watch the conservatory!

(FX: A JCB SHIFTS GEAR LOUDLY.)

SITE FOREMAN:
(APPROACHING) Mr Portillon!

ALEISTER:
Your men must be more careful, Janek. Tranchards Folly is an old house. We don't want it damaged after it's stood so long, do we?

SITE FOREMAN:
There's something you should see, Mr Portillon.

ALEISTER:
A problem?

SITE FOREMAN:
Not necessarily.

2: EXT. SPINNEY

(FX: FADE UP. LABOURERS WORKING – CUTTING AWAY FOLIAGE. HATCHETS AND A CHAINSAW.)

SITE FOREMAN:
(APPROACHING) Take a break, boys.

(FX: THE WORK STOPS.)

ALEISTER:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Good Lord! What is that?

SITE FOREMAN:
My men were clearing the trees. They found it this morning. Looks like it has been here a long time, hey?

(FX: CROSS TO FINICIA AND LUCERN, WATCHING FROM BEHIND NEARBY FOLIAGE.)

FINICIA:
(SOTTO) They've found the well.

LUCERN:
(SOTTO) But it's too soon, Finicia! We're not ready!

FINICIA:
(SOTTO) Quiet, Lucern!

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SITE FOREMAN:
The well has been capped. Stone like that would have taken much work to move.

ALEISTER:
(FX: CLEARING VINES) Yes... (EXCITED) Look, there's writing on it!

SITE FOREMAN:
Vandals everywhere.

ALEISTER:
Very talented vandals. See how carefully the characters have been carved?

SITE FOREMAN:
Perhaps. I do not know this language.

ALEISTER:

Me neither. (BEAT) Can your men move the stone? Open the shaft?

SITE FOREMAN:

We thought you would ask this. All is ready. (FX: CLAPS HANDS) (TO LABOURERS) You heard Mr Portillon! Take the strain! Move the stone!

(FX: GRUNTS AND STRAINING. WOODEN LEVERS CREAK. THE HEAVY STONE RUMBLES AS IT SHIFTS.)

ALEISTER:

It's lifting!

(FX: A WOODEN LEVER SNAPS! THE STONE ROLLS FREE – IT BOUNCES, CRASHES INTO A DITCH. THE LABOURERS CHEER.)

SITE FOREMAN:

Well is clear.

ALEISTER:

Excellent!

SITE FOREMAN:

(FX: SLIGHT ECHO, TO SUGGEST PEERING DOWN WELL SHAFT) I see nothing down here, Mr Portillon.

ALEISTER:

(CALLING OFF) Anyone got a torch...?

(FX: SCUTTling, OFF, DOWN WELL. A PERSON CLAMBERING UP SHAFT)

SITE FOREMAN:

One moment. I do see something. I see – (POLISH) *Do Diabla!*

(FX: WITH A SHRIEK, THE WITCH ERUPTS OUT OF THE SHAFT. A VOICE THAT COULD BE FEMALE – COULD BE! – RECITES NAMES, MUTTERING LIKE DUSTIN HOFFMAN IN 'RAIN MAN'.)

WITCH:

Ikodar! Euclon! Davarox!

(FX: SHRIEK! SWOOSH! SCUTTLE!)

ALEISTER:

What is that thing? Is it – a person? Look at its hands – they're like talons!

SITE FOREMAN:

(PANICKED) Run, boys! Run!!!

ALEISTER:

Watch out, Janek. To your right!

SITE FOREMAN:

Wha-?

(FX: WITCH ATTACKS FOREMAN, SLASHING AT HIM WITH ITS LONG NAILS.)

SITE FOREMAN:

(SCREAMS AND DIES!)

WITCH:

(ADVANCING ON ALEISTER) Ometak! Rankar! Sefass!

ALEISTER:

Please. I mean you no harm. Stay back. Please!

WITCH:

(SHRIEKS, POUNCING ON ALEISTER)

ALEISTER:

(SCREAMS)

(FX: CROSS TO FINICIA AND LUCERN WATCHING THE WORKMEN'S PANICKED STAMPEDE! WILD SHRIEKS FROM THE THING AS IT FALLS UPON THEM – MASSACRING THEM!)

FINICIA:

(MORE AWESTRUCK THAN HORRIFIED) She killed him!

LUCERN:

(PANICKED) She'll kill them all, sister! We have to get back to the house!

FINICIA:

No. What if Portillon had the device with him when he died?

LUCERN:

You don't mean –

FINICIA:

We have to search the body. (FX: MOVES OFF, THROUGH FOLIAGE)

LUCERN:

Wait! Don't let her see you! (FX: FOLLOWS HER INTO CLEARING)

(FX: DISTANT SCREAMS – WITCH SLAUGHTERING LABOURERS)

FINICIA:

Don't panic. She's gone. Chasing the labourers. (COMING UPON ALEISTER'S BODY) Here he is. I'll check his pockets. Look out for the witch. Warn me if she comes back!

LUCERN:

Hurry, Finicia. I can't see her any more.

FINICIA:

(SEARCHING HIS POCKETS) It's not in his jacket...

(FX: SUDDENLY: FOLIAGE PARTS BESIDE LUCERN.)

WITCH:

(SHRIEKS)

LUCERN:

Finicia, she's here! She's -

(FX: THE WITCH KNOCKS LUCERN OVER)

FINICIA:

Brother!

(FX: A COMMOTION FROM OFF. MARY BURSTS THROUGH THE FOLIAGE LIKE AN AVENGING ANGEL)

MARY:

(COMMANDING) Monster! Leave that boy be!

WITCH:

(HISSES IN THE MANNER OF THE ALIEN QUEEN IN *ALIENS*)

FINICIA:

(STARTLED) Who are you?

MARY:

(HUSHED VOICE) On this occasion, I think it best we postpone our introductions. (CALLING TO WITCH) Did you not hear me? Get thee gone!

WITCH:

(CURIOUS) Ikodar...? Davarox...?

MARY:

(TO LUCERN) Get over here, boy. Hurry!

(FX: LUCERN STUMBLES TO HIS FEET & JOINS THEM)

FINICIA:

But – where did you come from? Who let you in?

MARY:

No time now. (TO LUCERN) Are you hurt, boy? Can you run?

LUCERN:

You watch me.

WITCH:

(MENACING) Ikodar! Davarox!

MARY:

Then...

WITCH:

(SHRIEKS, POUNCING)

MARY:

RUN!!!

(FX: ALL RUN)

3: INT. TARDIS (CONTROL ROOM)

(FX: FADE UP. TARDIS TICKING OVER. CONTROLS ARE ADJUSTED.)

DOCTOR:

There. Running like a dream again. Why they decommissioned these old beauties I'll never understand..

(FX: SUDDENLY, THE DOOR BANGS OPEN! MARY, FINICIA AND LUCERN FALL INTO THE TARDIS. GASPING FOR BREATH.)

DOCTOR:

Ah, Mary – you're back from your stroll.

MARY:

(FRANTIC!) Doctor – shut the door!

DOCTOR:

Won't you introduce me to your new friends?

(FX: A SHRIEK FROM OUTSIDE! SCUTTLING FOOTSTEPS! THE THING FROM THE WELL IS ALMOST UPON THEM!)

WITCH:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Dineel! Aleza! Bak'quaam...!

DOCTOR:

What on Gallifrey...?

MARY:

Doctor – the door! NOW!

DOCTOR:

What? Ah. Yes. (LEAPING FOR IT)

(FX: A SWITCH IS THROWN. SOMETHING OUTSIDE BANGS AGAINST THE DOOR AS IT CLOSES, A FRACTION OF A SECOND TOO LATE!)

LUCERN:

(BREATHLESS) What is this place? Where are we?

MARY:

(DITTO) Safe.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING FORWARD) At the risk of repeating myself, Mistress Shelley: who are these children?

FINICIA:

Don't you know who we are, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

No. Should I?

LUCERN:

(HURRIEDLY) What my sister means is, we live here, at Tranchard's Folly.

FINICIA:

I'm Finicia. This is my brother, Lucern.

DOCTOR:

Sorry, I don't keep up with *Debrett's Peerage*.

(AWKWARD PAUSE. THE DOCTOR IS UNSURE ABOUT THE NEWCOMERS. HAVE THEY MET BEFORE? WHY AREN'T THEY SHOCKED BY THE TARDIS?)

MARY:

It was fortunate for our young guests that I'd resolved to explore our surroundings while you made your repairs, Doctor.

LUCERN:

Repairs? Is the machine not safe?

DOCTOR:

Nothing to worry about. Just a matter of sequential regression.

MARY:

(TO TWINS) Please, excuse the Doctor. Often he gabbles thus.

DOCTOR:

Fast return switch. Brings the TARDIS back to its previous coordinates. It engaged by accident and brought us here. Which was odd, don't you think, Finicia?

FINICIA:

Why odd?

DOCTOR:

Well, I've never been here before. (FX: CLAPS HANDS DECISIVELY) Right, then, children – let's see if we can't take a closer look at this mystery assailant of yours...

LUCERN/FINICIA:

We're not children.

DOCTOR:
(SNIFFS) Good. This isn't a crèche.

MARY:
How old are you, my dear?

FINICIA:
Seventeen. So's he.

LUCERN:
We're twins.

MARY:
Barely younger than I, Doctor. (PROVING THAT THEY'RE NOT CHILDREN:) And I have a child of my own waiting for me, you'll recall.

DOCTOR:
You've also got a novel in you that'll be revered as long as the English language abides. I doubt this pair ever wrote anything longer than 140 characters.

(FX: SCANNER WHOOSH!)

Aha, there she is...

(FX: OVER SCANNER, THE WITCH FROM THE WELL SCRATCHES AT THE TARDIS DOOR.)

WITCH:
(DISTORTED, VIA SCANNER) Izala. Tutanon...!

(FX: BANGS ON THE WOOD – WITHOUT EFFECT. SHRIEKS!)

DOCTOR:
Well, she won't get in with only her fingernails. Impressive though they are.

MARY:
Poor creature. There is something wretched about it, I think.

FINICIA:
Did you not see what it did, to those workmen?

LUCERN:
What it wanted to do to us?

DOCTOR:
You'll have to excuse Mary. She tends to side with the monster...

FINICIA:

(COLD) It killed Aleister Portillon. Thirteenth Earl of Whetstone.

LUCERN:

Our *father*.

MARY:

Forgive me.

FINICIA:

Are you sure it can't get in?

DOCTOR:

Quite sure. I wish I knew what it was, though, and what it's doing on twenty-first century Earth. Some sort of mutant?

LUCERN:

It's a witch.

MARY:

A witch?

FINICIA:

The witch from the well.

DOCTOR:

The well?

LUCERN:

It's an old well. It must have been hidden for centuries. They opened it just now and the witch came out.

DOCTOR:

Hmm.

(FX: HE STARTS FLICKING SWITCHES AND CONTROLS.)

FINICIA:

What are you doing, Doctor?

MARY:

The TARDIS has an electrical library – greater than Alexandria, the Doctor claims. Quite astonishing.

DOCTOR:

It's all right, Mary. I'm sure Finicia is familiar with search engines, albeit the TARDIS database is slightly larger than the ones she's used to.

(FX: A LITTLE ELECTRONIC BURBLE INDICATES THAT THE INFORMATION HAS COME UP ON THE SCREEN)

Here we are... Hmm. It seems there used to be a village on this site, back in the seventeenth century. Tranchard's Fell.

FINICIA:
We know.

LUCERN:
(HURRIEDLY) Our house was named after it.

DOCTOR:
(SKIM-READING) Usual brouhaha over land rights, retainers wages, poaching... Aha! Here she is.

MARY:
The witch?

DOCTOR:
Well, a witch scare. Coercion, torture, execution. Barbarians!

LUCERN:
What did we tell you? The witch.

DOCTOR:
Well here's something you couldn't have told me. Six months before the scare, a Varaxil ship crossing Earth's solar system was lost.

MARY:
And you believe this ship ran aground here? Like the fallen Cybermen in Vienna?

DOCTOR:
It's not hard to see what might have happened. A bunch of superstitious locals capture a crash-landed alien, call it a witch and bury it alive down a well. You know, there are times when your species appals me.

MARY:
The seventeenth century was an uncivilised age.

DOCTOR:
Aren't they all...

MARY:
But surely such a cosmic traveller could not still be alive, after three or four hundred years down a well?

DOCTOR:

That's the thing about us aliens. We're not the same as you. Different lifespans, different anatomy, different opinions. (TO LUCERN & FINICIA) By the way, Lucern and Finicia – yes, there are such things as aliens. Yes, this is a time and space machine. No, I wouldn't believe it either.

FINICIA:

You just carry on, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Kids today. No sense of wonder. (BEAT) Here's what we're going to do: we're going back in time, back to Tranchard's Fell.

LUCERN:

(NERVOUS) Why?

DOCTOR:

So we can find out exactly what happened here, all whose years ago. Find out what that creature is, and how to help it.

FINICIA:

Help it? It killed our father. We should kill it in return.

DOCTOR:

An eye for an eye and we all go blind. Right, hold on everyone. Seventeenth century here we come!

(FX: HE THROWS SWITCHES. THE TIME COLUMN VWORPS! AS THE SHIP DEMATERIALISES, CROSSFADE TO:)

4: CLEARING NEAR TRANCHARD'S FOLLY

(FX: THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISING)

WITCH:

Izala. Tutanon. *Doctor*. (CACKLES) Doctor...! (CONTINUES CACKLING)

(FX: CROSSFADE.)

5: EXT. FOREST

(FX: LEAVES RUSTLE. BIRDS. SMALL STREAM LAPPING. THE IDYLL'S INTERRUPTED AS THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS.)

DOCTOR:

(INHALING) Ahhh! Taste that pre-Industrial Revolution air, kids! Not a pollutant for miles!

FINICIA:

(EMERGING) Was it difficult, Doctor, finding a safe place to land your ship?

LUCERN:

Without hitting a tree, she means.

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS does most of the work. I just point her in the right direction.

LUCERN:

You mean, it doesn't need you?

DOCTOR:

We need each other. But she can always find her way back.

FINICIA:

Always?

MARY:

(EMERGING) So the TARDIS was working properly, after all?

DOCTOR:

That's sequential regression for you. All the right co-ordinates, just not necessarily in the right order.

MARY:

(TAKING A FEW PACES AWAY FROM THE TARDIS) Look, there's a farm down there! We must be close to the village.

DOCTOR:

Let's take a look around. Come on, you lot. Follow me! (HE STARTS TO SCRAMBLE DOWN A SLOPE, LOSES HIS FOOTING & TUMBLES) Wooah! (MINOR LANDSLIDE, DOCTOR BOUNCING WITH IT.) Ow! Ooof!

MARY:

(CALLING) Doctor! Are you all right?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING, BELOW) Watch your step, that slope's tricky!

6: EXT. WOODLAND PATH (A FEW MOMENTS LATER)

(FX: FADE UP. THE DOCTOR AND MARY WALKING)

MARY:

The seventeenth century, Doctor! Milton, Rubens, Purcell! How thrilling.

DOCTOR:

The Great Plague, the Thirty Years' War, the execution of Filippo Bruno for the heresy of calling the Sun a star.

(FX: THEY STOP WALKING)

MARY:

Travellers from the stars, marooned like Selkirk was – will be – on foreign shores. Are you acquainted with these Varaxil folk?

DOCTOR:

Actually, they rather keep to themselves. Their technology's based on Odic energy. It's a kind of alternative science – the principle behind it being the harnessing of the paranormal. It's a little hard to explain – or to understand.

MARY:

I understand an oxymoron when I hear it, Doctor. A science based on superstition?

DOCTOR:

Conventional physics is the natural order of the cosmos. The existence of Odic energy contradicts every natural law we know. Nonetheless, it appears that evolution produces rare minds among every sentient race that are able to channel it. Most of them don't even know what they're doing. They become healers, prophets... madmen.

MARY:

That seems a somewhat medieval outlook.

DOCTOR:

The Varaxils isolated Odic energy; they synthesized it; they built their civilisation on its power. It's incredibly sophisticated, closer to an art than a science. But to people from this period of Earth's history, the Varaxil's Odic energy would be indistinguishable from magic. Witchcraft.

MARY:

Then we must find that ship of theirs.

DOCTOR:

Indeed so. (THEY SET OFF AGAIN) Being accused of witchcraft is something the Varaxils came to expect. Many supposedly enlightened races denounced their science as heresy. The Varaxils became pariahs. They were persecuted throughout your galaxy. Rather tragic.

LUCERN:

(CALING FROM OFF) Doctor! Mary! We're here!

DOCTOR:

It seems the twins have found the farmhouse. Come on.

(FX: THEY BREAK INTO A TROT.)

7: EXT. DESERTED FARM

(FX: A LOW WHISTLING WIND, OTHERWISE SILENCE. THE FARM'S DESERTED, IN A WAY THAT GIVES YOU GOOSEBUMPS.)

FINICIA:
The place is deserted.

LUCERN:
I don't like this. It feels all wrong.

FINICIA:
Wrong? Of course it's wrong. Everything's wrong, Lucern.

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING) Looks like no one's home.

MARY:
No livestock either. And the fields are unploughed.

DOCTOR:
(RATTLES PADLOCK ON BARN DOOR) And yet this barn's locked up. Why lock an abandoned barn?

LUCERN:
Unless it isn't really abandoned.

(THE THOUGHT HANGS IN THE AIR)

DOCTOR:
We should be getting on.

MARY:
To Tranchard's Fell? Won't the villagers be surprised by our appearance?

DOCTOR:
Just say you're from London. That usually works. Look, we won't find the Varaxil ship without a little help from the locals.

FINICIA:
What makes you think they'll know where it crashed?

DOCTOR:
They're locals – locals always know these sorts of things. Just leave the talking to me. With any luck, they'll be a friendly bunch.

8: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: FADE UP AN ANGRY MOB, HOWLING FOR BLOOD)

VILLAGERS:

Let her drown!/Beat the Devil from her!/She levelled my grain!
[ETC]

AGNES:

(FX: BEING DRAGGED BY MOB, IN CHAINS) Please, leave me be!
I've no darkness in my heart!

BEATRIX:

Don't you listen to none of her whickering! She's a witch!

VILLAGERS:

Aye!

BEATRIX:

Her coven cursed this village when the Devil fell to earth on
Vetter's Tor last spring. Lights in the sky, the land aflame!
(CHANTING) Prick her flesh! Prick her flesh!

VILLAGERS:

(TAKING UP THE CRY) Prick her flesh! Prick her flesh!

(FX: CONTINUES UNDER AS WE CROSS TO CLOSE BY. HUSHED TONES:)

LUCERN:

Friendly, did you say, Doctor?

FINICIA:

The woman in chains. Who is she, do you think?

MARY:

I don't know. Oh, but this is barbaric!

DOCTOR:

Vigilante justice. This is going to be ugly. (BEAT) Mary, get
the twins away from here.

MARY:

There's a Church. We'll be safe in The Lord's house. What will
you be doing, in the meantime?

DOCTOR:

Never you mind. Just look after the children.

(FX: MARY, LUCERN & FINICIA MOVE OFF. AS THEY DO, BEATRIX
BREAKS OFF CHANTING. THE MOB CONTINUES.)

BEATRIX:

(TO THE DOCTOR) Hey, you there!

DOCTOR:

Who, me?

BEATRIX:

(APPROACHING) Who's your fleet-footed friend? Looked like she had the Squire's young 'uns with her...

DOCTOR:

The Squire's-? Ah, yes: blue blood. I daresay there's a familial resemblance. (ALOUD) Never mind about that. Tell me about the... ah... witch.

BEATRIX:

Agnes Bates? She were the one took me from my mother's womb. Birthed most of Tranchard's Fell, she has. We're lucky we don't all carry Satan's mark!

(FX: A COMMOTION, OFF. AGNES HOLDING HER OWN AGAINST A COUPLE OF STRAPPING MEN.)

VILLAGERS:

Hold her tight!/Don't let her get away!

AGNES:

(OFF, SHOUTING) Get off me, Davy Tyler! Have you forgot I made you breathe when you had the pox as a babe? (BEAT) I ain't gonna run! I want to be heard, that's all!

BEATRIX:

(HISSES, URGENT) Block your ears, sir! You don't want to be listenin' to words off the Devil's own forked tongue!

DOCTOR:

If there is a devil here, then I very much doubt he's in Agnes Bates.

AGNES:

(OFF, ADDRESSING THE MOB) There ain't no Hell but what the ignorant build! None of you ain't seen what I've seen! Other spheres in an infinite void. Silver ships sailing between the [stars] – !

(FX: VILLAGERS JEER. ROTTEN FRUIT'S HURLED. SPLATCH! THEN MORE FRUIT – A VOLLEY! AGNES SPLUTTERS, STRUCK REPEATEDLY.)

DOCTOR:

Fruit! Why does someone always bring fruit?

AGNES:

Animals! I've seen sights such as would make you weep with the beauty of them. And I've seen you, Lord of Time!

(FX: SHE'S DRAGGED AWAY, STILL STRUGGLING.)

DOCTOR:

What did she say-?

BEATRIX:

I told you, sir, you don't want to listen to her devil words.

DOCTOR:

Where are they taking her?

BEATRIX:

To the cells. Master Kincaid's on his way from Lincoln. He'll get her confession, if he has to pull her lying tongue by the root!

DOCTOR:

Who is this Master Kincaid?

BEATRIX:

Where've you been, sir? John Kincaid – he's Parliament's man. The Witch-Pricker!

DOCTOR:

Ah.

(FX: MOB MOVES OFF, CHANTING IN THE WAKE OF AGNES AND HER GUARDS.)

VILLAGERS:

Prick her flesh! Prick her flesh!

9: INT. CHURCH

(FX: IN THE MIDST OF A WHISPERED PRAYER...)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(CLOSE) ... O Mater Dei, memento mei. Did I do wrong to call the Witch-Pricker? He attests he serves Your glory. But his methods seem [the work of the Dev-]

(FX: THE BIG CHURCH DOORS BANG OPEN!)

DOCTOR:

(URGENT) Mary! Mary!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Who profanes this church with such disrespect? Tone down you voice, sir!

DOCTOR:

Um. Sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt. I'm the Doctor. I'm looking for my friends. They said they'd be here.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

A woman, in the company of two youths?

DOCTOR:

That'll be them. Where are they?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

They disappeared the moment I arrived. I barely glimpsed the children before they scurried away. They stayed in shadow – as if avoiding my sight.

DOCTOR:

Did they indeed? Might I enquire as to your name?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Claude Portillon, sir. My family's served this village since the Black Death.

DOCTOR:

You're the Squire! No wonder they kept their faces in shadow. Although how they knew-?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Do you travel with Master Kincaid's entourage? Is he close?

DOCTOR:

I really don't think he and I would see eye to eye.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(CONFIDENTIAL) I must admit that I, too, have reservations. I was praying for guidance when you arrived. I may have summoned Kincaid to Tranchard's Fell a little too precipitately.

DOCTOR:

His kind are always summoned precipitately. Look, very sorry to rush like this, but I need to find my friends.

(FX: THE BIG DOORS OPEN & CORNET STRIDES IN.)

CORNET SWALLOW:

Squire Portillon! (HE NOTICES THE DOCTOR & STOPS) Oh.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Speak freely, Cornet. This gentleman and I were discussing... um... church matters. Do you have news?

CORNET SWALLOW:

The Witch-Pricker's here, sir. He bade me inform you immediately. Says he wants to address the village.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Oh my! Help me prepare the church, Cornet. We must make this a suitable pulpit for such a man as John Kincaid!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) This is going to be very ugly.

10: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: A COLUMN OF HORSES PASSES CLOSE BY. MARY AND THE TWINS SKULK IN AN ALLEY.)

FINICIA:

(WHISPERS) They look like soldiers.

MARY:

(WHISPERS) Stay hidden, both of you. Don't let them see you.

LUCERN:

(WHISPERS) Who are they?

MARY:

(WHISPERS) I don't know. But it's best we keep out of their way.

(FX: THE HORSES' HOOVES RECEDE. NOW THERE'S JUST THE GENERAL LOW BUZZ OF VILLAGE LIFE. A SMITHY'S HAMMERING SOMEWHERE.)

LUCERN:

We need to get back to the TARDIS.

MARY:

We need to wait for the Doctor. He'll have a plan.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) He certainly will. Although there are one or two slightly fuzzy stages.

MARY:

(OVERJOYED TO SEE HIM) Doctor! You found us!

DOCTOR:

No thanks to you. Next time, perhaps you could see a way to being where you say you'll be-?

MARY:

There was someone in the church. The twins were unsettled by him.

LUCERN:

No we weren't.

FINICIA:

I was. He made my skin crawl. He looked like a ghost.

DOCTOR:

In a way he is. The Squire's one of your ancestors, I think. A nice enough fellow, for the time.

FINICIA:

We shouldn't be here, Doctor. It's not safe.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I've a feeling Tranchard's Fell is about to go a little mad, now that the Witch-Pricker's in town.

MARY:

Is that who just rode in?

DOCTOR:

Yep. So we need to find that lost Varaxil before he does.

MARY:

I should take the twins back to the TARDIS. They'll be safe within until we're done.

DOCTOR:

You should stay there as well, Mary. I won't be far behind. I promise.

MARY:

What are you going to do?

DOCTOR:

I thought I might take in a show...

11: INT. CHURCH

(FX: MASTER KINCAID'S WORDS ECHO FROM THE PULPIT, AROUND THE CHURCH HALL...)

MASTER KINCAID:

(ORATING) You all know me: I am John Kincaid, Parliament's appointed jurisconsult in matters of witchcraft. And you know why I'm here: your village is under Satan's heel. With The Lord's blessing, I will purge the evil and save the souls of the just.

(FX: SUNDRY VILLAGERS CRY OUT THEIR ASSENT. THEY'RE GLAD HE'S HERE TO SAVE THEM.)

MASTER KINCAID:

In France and in the Low Countries, there are whole villages not unlike Tranchard's Fell that have fallen from grace. I hear such reports with a heavy heart. For those simple foreigners were not corrupt until strangers whispered the Devil's call.

(FX: THE BIG CHURCH DOOR CREAKS OPEN. TRYING TO ENTER QUIETLY, AND FAILING MISERABLY.)

DOCTOR:

(UNCOMFORTABLE, VOICE ECHOING) Ah. Sorry. Don't mind me. I'll just find a seat at the back somewhere. (TO SEATED VILLAGERS) Excuse me, do you mind? (MUCH SHUFFLING AND HARRUMPHING, AS THE CONGREGATION SHIFT UP TO LET HIM SIT. TO KINCAID AGAIN) Please, just carry on as if I'm not here...

MASTER KINCAID:

(IRKED) I was saying - until strangers came, spreading infernal doctrines and wickedness. For evil is found not only in deeds, but in the very thoughts of men who seek to question the order of things.

(FX: HIS SPEECH CONTINUES UNDER AS WE CROSS TO THE DOCTOR WITH BEATRIX IN THE PEWS AT THE BACK:)

[MASTER KINCAID:

Corruption and blasphemy will infect this land like a new plague, if they're allowed to take root. They must be contained. They must be cleansed. The seed of Satan has been planted in every one of your sinful hearts. I am here to sow salt and lead the holy among you back to righteousness. I am here to strike down the damned without mercy!]

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERED) Hello again.

BEATRIX:

(WHISPERED) You!

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERED) Sorry, didn't catch your name before, with all the fruit, what with all the yelling and the inhumanity. I'm the Doctor.

BEATRIX:

(WHISPERED) Beatrix Butcher.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERED) You know, Beatrix Butcher, you'd be surprised how little evil there is in the universe. Real, pure evil I mean. Lots of selfishness, blind prejudice, rampant egotism of course. But genuine evil is rarer than Chelonian teeth.

BEATRIX:

(WHISPERED) Shush! The Witch-Pricker's speaking!

(FX: NOW BACK TO KINCAID, FRONT AND CENTRE.)

MASTER KINCAID:

(BUILDING TO A CRESCENDO) My men will raise a cordon around this village. No-one will enter, no-one will leave – until I have done The Lord's work!

VILLAGERS:

Save us!/Cast out the Devil!/Preserve us, Master Kincaid!

DOCTOR:

(BURIED AMONG THE CHEERS) He goes on a bit, doesn't he?

BEATRIX:

HUSH!

(FX: FADE)

12: EXT. FOREST

(FX: FADE UP. A MILITARY CONTINGENT – HORSES' HOOVES AND CLANKING BREASTPLATES.)

CORNET SWALLOW:

(OFF) You have your orders! A line around Tranchard's Fell. None shall pass (DRAWS SWORD) save to the next life!

(FX: GRIM LAUGHTER FROM SOLDIERS. FOLIAGE RUSTLES. MARY AND THE TWINS ARE HIDING A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE MERCENARIES.)

FINICIA:

(SOTTO) The soldiers are here already!

MARY:

(SOTTO) Oh, we should never have come here!

LUCERN:

(SOTTO) You got us into this! You kidnapped us!

MARY:

How very ungrateful you are. If we hadn't happened by Tranchard's Folly, you'd both be dead at the hands of that [creature -]

(FX: CLANKING FOOTSTEPS – A SOLDIER'S SUDDENLY VERY CLOSE!)

CORNET SWALLOW:

(CALLING FROM OFF) Who's that? Who's there?

LUCERN:

(HISSES, URGENT) They've seen us!

13: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: THE VILLAGE BUSTLES.)

DOCTOR:

(OFF, RUNNING) Squire! Squire Portillon!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(WALKING) I'm busy. A score of armed thugs need lodging - deserters who've taken Master Kincaid's earnest payment. Men like that get impatient. And this is a small village!

(FX: THE DOCTOR CATCHES HIM UP. THEY WALK TOGETHER.)

DOCTOR:

Exactly! You don't want mercenaries here. Everybody's nerves are frazzled enough already.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(STOPPING. THE DOCTOR, LIKEWISE. CONFIDENTIAL) You think it a mistake that I summoned Master Kincaid. Is that it? You think I should send him on his way?

DOCTOR:

Don't you?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

It's too late. I doubt he'd leave now if I asked. You heard him - he's here to do the Lord's holy work.

DOCTOR:

I know Master Kincaid's kind of work only too well.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Do you take me for a fool, Doctor? Some credulous yokel, crying "Witch" without reason? Follow me. There's something you should see...

(FX: THEY RESUME WALKING)

14: EXT. DESERTED FARM/INT. BARN

(FX: FADE UP. A LOW WHISTLING WIND. THE SPOOKY UNOCCUPIED FARMYARD. THE DOCTOR AND THE SQUIRE TRAMP THROUGH THE MUD.)

DOCTOR:

(FX: WALKING TO STOP) I've been here before. The farmhouse was empty. And the barn door was locked.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

For good reason, Doctor. I have the key.

(FX: HE JANGLES KEYS, UNLOCKS THE BARN. DOOR CREAKS OPEN.)

After you.

(FX: THEY GO IN. DRY HAY UNDERFOOT. THE BARN'S BIG.)

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING IN) This place is like a barn.

SQUIRE PORTILLON

It *is* a -

DOCTOR:

Forget it. (HE STRIDES FORWARD, FOLLOWED BY THE SQUIRE) I take it what you want to show me is underneath these sheets.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Exactly.

(FX: THE DOCTOR STOPS & ROLLS BACK THE SHEETS.)

DOCTOR:

Or should we say – shrouds.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Five bodies in all, Doctor. The farmer, and his wife. Our priest, who visited here the day before they were found. And two others, whose identity we have not yet established. Itinerants, perhaps.

DOCTOR:

Just grey husks, the vital spark sucked out of them. You'd hardly know that they used to be human.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

There's witchcraft abroad, Doctor. We fight for our very souls here.

(FX: THE DOCTOR ROLLS THE SHEETS BACK, COVERING THE BODIES.)

DOCTOR:

When did this happen? Let me guess – since you saw “lights in the sky”, is that right?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

The Devil landed among us last spring. His fires burned on Vetter’s Tor.

DOCTOR:

Vetter’s Tor, hm? (WALKING TO DOOR) Point it out to me.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(FOLLOWING) It’s just past the woods. (FX: PUSHING DOOR, SO THEY STAND AT THE THRESHOLD, LOOKING OUT) Follow the line of the trees. There! Do you see [it?]

LUCERN:

(EFFORT, SWINGING BRANCH)

(FX: SQUIRE WHACKED ON THE HEAD)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

... ugh!

(FX: COLLAPSES UNCONSCIOUS)

DOCTOR:

Lucern!

LUCERN:

Don’t tell me. You don’t approve of violence.

DOCTOR:

I don’t approve of braining people with sticks, no! Little idiot, you could have fractured his skull..

LUCERN:

And did I?

DOCTOR:

(BEAT, CHECKING BODY) No, he’ll be alright. I think.

(FX: MARY AND FINICIA RUNNING UP FROM OFF)

MARY:

(RUSHING FORWARD) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Mrs Shelley. I thought I told you to make for the TARDIS?

MARY:

We did. Alas, we ran into soldiers, making a cordon.

FINICIA:

They saw us. Chased us back through the woods.

DOCTOR:

And where are these soldiers now?

(FX: BANG ON CUE...)

CORNET SWALLOW:

(CALLING, WELL OFF) Spread out! Check the outhouses!

LUCERN:

Coming this way.

DOCTOR:

Right, then. Out of sight, you lot. I'll see if I can't draw them away. Take your chance and make for the TARDIS.

MARY:

Doctor, they have muskets!

DOCTOR:

Then they won't be able to run as fast as me. I'll join you as soon as I can. (TURNS, TURNS BACK) Oh, and Mary...

MARY:

What?

DOCTOR:

Bet life with Percy was never as exciting as this, was it?

(FX: AND HE'S OFF!)

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING OFF, YELLING TO KINCAID'S TROOPS) Hey! You lot! Over here! Shake a leg!

CORNET SWALLOW:

(OFF) There, in the barnyard! Fire!!!

(FX: A VOLLEY OF MUSKET-FIRE, OFF)

LUCERN:

It's working. He's leading them towards the barley fields.

FINICIA:

(COLD CERTAINTY) He's going to die.

MARY:

Don't be absurd. Both of you – take my hands! Come on!

(FX: THEY RUN. FADE)

15: EXT. DESERTED FARM (A FEW MOMENTS LATER)

(FX: SLOW FADE UP. FROM SQUIRE'S POV, COMING BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS)

MASTER KINCAID:
Squire Portillon! Stir yourself, sir!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
(SUDDENLY AWAKE; REGULAR POV.) Wh-what? (BEAT) Master Kincaid!

MASTER KINCAID:
Sprawled in the dirt, you present a most undignified figure. Are you hurt, sir?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
(WINCING) I shall... recover. My thanks for your consideration.

MASTER KINCAID:
Raise yourself. Tell me about the outsider.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
The... the outsider?

MASTER KINCAID:
The hatless gentleman in the long britches.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
Oh. (SITS UP) We barely spoke. His manner was eccentric – but he seemed unexceptional.

MASTER KINCAID:
Unexceptional? He evaded the finest troops I could muster in Lincoln. Such a feat smacks of sorcery. As does crippling you with a demonic charm.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
You can put your divine certainties aside on that account, Witch-Pricker. I was taken by surprise. Struck down from behind not by a spell, but by a stick.

FINICIA [C17]:
(OFF, APPROACHING) ... wielded by one of his acolytes, no doubt.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
Finicia! You shouldn't have left the village. It's not safe here!

MASTER KINCAID:
Your daughter was most concerned for your welfare, sir.

FINICIA [C17]:

You were too trusting of this outsider, father. Such manipulation is the Devil's art.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(UNCONVINCED) Perhaps...

MASTER KINCAID:

You would do well to listen to your daughter, sir. She has wisdom enough for both of you...

FINICIA [C17]:

(MANIPULATIVE) Please, father. May I stay? Perhaps I can help...

16: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: THE TARDIS AT REST)

MARY:

I very much doubt there's anything you could do.

LUCERN:

How much longer must we wait then? It's been hours.

MARY:

Half an hour at most. I've told you – the TARDIS cannot leave before the Doctor returns.

FINICIA:

But what if he's dead?

MARY:

For the last time, Finicia, the Doctor is not dead. He's waiting for night to fall, that is all.

FINICIA:

Night has fallen, Mary. Can't you see?

MARY:

He'll be here. I am sure of it. (SHE ISN'T) Quite... sure. But perhaps, just to ease your nerves, I should take a look outside. Now: which of these devices works the door...?

LUCERN:

This one, isn't it?

(FX: LUCERN ACTIVATES DOOR CONTROL; DOORS SWING OPEN)

MARY:

It is, Lucern. Your powers of observation do you credit.

(FX: SHE WALKS TO DOOR...)

17: EXT. FOREST (NIGHT)

(FX: OWLS AND CHIRRUPING INSECTS. THE DOCTOR TRAMPING UPHILL IN THE DARK. SNAGS HIS COAT ON BRAMBLES)

DOCTOR:

(TRYING TO FREE HIMSELF) Ah! More brambles. Worse than barbed wire, this stuff... (FX: RIP OF MATERIAL) Oh, no! Next time I'm going to go for a shorter jacket – in a more durable material.

MARY:

(OFF, CALLING OUT) Doctor, are you out there? Can you hear me, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF, SCATHING) Well done, Mrs Shelley! Broadcast your presence to the world, why don't you?

(FX: WE TRANSFER TO MARY'S POINT OF VIEW)

MARY:

Doctor, if you can hear me, I beseech [you] -

DOCTOR:

(OFF; HUSHED) Hear you? I should think half the county can hear you.

MARY:

(OVERJOYED) Doctor! Are you hurt?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) No, just extricating myself from some brambles. I wonder if you'd mind getting my secateurs? You'll find them in the library under 'B' for Capability Brown.

MARY:

Of course. I shan't be a moment!

(FX: TURNS, AND HEADS BACK INTO:)

18: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

MARY:

(WALKING IN) Did you hear that, children? The Doctor's just outside, entwined in thorns like the prince in –

FINICIA:

We know.

(FX: DOORS CLOSING BEHIND MARY)

MARY:

What are you doing? (WALKING FORWARD, CROSS) Stop playing with those controls, and open that door at once!

LUCERN:

Silly me. Now which of the controls was it again...?

FINICIA:

That lever, wasn't it, brother?

MARY:

Lucern, no! That wasn't it-!

(FX: DEMATERIALISATION SEQUENCE BEGINS)

LUCERN:

(FLAT ACTING) Oh dear. Now what have I done-?

MARY:

(AT CONSOLE) Pull it back! Pull the lever back!

FINICIA:

Too late for that, I think...

MARY:

But the Doctor's out there!

(FX: TARDIS VWORPING AWAY. CROSS TO:)

19: EXT. FOREST (NIGHT) [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: THE TARDIS FADING AWAY. THE DOCTOR RUSHES UP)

DOCTOR:

No, no, no! MARY! (BEAT; INCREDULOUS) They've gone!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

(NO REPRISE)

20: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

MARY (VOICEOVER, JUST MUSIC UNDERSCORING):

(CALM, NARRATING) *The Doctor's time vessel is no mere machine. It is more like a favoured mare, docile in her master's hand yet prone to chivvy and buck should another take the reins. That is most assuredly how it felt to me..*

(FX: FADE UP IN-FLIGHT FX. TARDIS OUT OF CONTROL. TILTING, BUCKING – CIRCUITS SPARKING! MARY, FINICIA AND LUCERN HURLED ABOUT.)

MARY:

(CRYING OUT, PANICKED) What have you done!

LUCERN:

Sequential regression! He told us the ship finds its way. We're being dragged back to the 21st century!

MARY:

You did this on purpose?

FINICIA:

Never underestimate people younger than yourself. We're cleverer than we look.

(FX: ALARM SIGNAL PULSES)

What's that? Lucern?

LUCERN:

(PANICKED) I dunno. It says: 'Edge of the Vortex!'

MARY:

Hold on tight!

(FX: SPARKS! RENDING METAL! A PANEL CRASHES TO THE DECK!)

MARY:

(SCREAMS!)

(FX: MARY SLAMS AGAINST THE WALL. THE SCENE CUTS DEAD.)

21: INT. BEATRIX'S FAMILY COTTAGE (NIGHT)

(FX: A RAT SCUTTLES & SQUEAKS. RAIN'S FALLING OUTSIDE.)

BEATRIX:
(SNORING)

(FX: THE DOCTOR CLIMBS IN THROUGH THE WINDOW & CREEPS UP TO BEATRIX, SHAKING HER GENTLY)

DOCTOR:
(WHISPERS, URGENT) Beatrix!

(BEATRIX KEEPS SNORING.)

DOCTOR:
(LOUDER) Psst! Beatrix!

BEATRIX:
(GROGGY) What?

DOCTOR:
Shush! Don't wake your father!

BEATRIX:
He's deaf as a post. Here, how'd you know I lived here?
Thought you were a stranger in the village.

DOCTOR:
Your name's Beatrix Butcher. This is a butcher's shop. It wasn't that hard.

BEATRIX:
Oh. What do you want?

DOCTOR:
You.

BEATRIX:
I knew it. Men, you're all the-

DOCTOR:
(OBLIVIOUS) There's something on Vetter's Tor. The Squire said he'd show me the way, but... well, never mind the details. The thing is, I need a guide.

BEATRIX:
A guide, eh? What are you offering?

DOCTOR:
Isn't that rather venal?

BEATRIX:
Dunno. Is it?

DOCTOR:
(RUMMAGING IN POCKETS) I... er... I don't carry much currency...

BEATRIX:
Then you're on your own. Shut the window on your way out.

(FX: SHE TURNS OVER IN HER BLANKET.)

DOCTOR:
But I do have this.

(MUSIC: TWINKLE!)

BEATRIX:
Lord ha' mercy! Is it gold?

DOCTOR:
Better than gold: Galdrium, from Tridentia 3. Shines in the dark if you shake it, see.

(FX: HE DOES SO; IT DOES; BEATRIX IS IMPRESSED)

BEATRIX:
Have you got any more?

DOCTOR:
A dozen. Or two.

BEATRIX:
(JUMPS OUT OF BED) I'll get me shawl, master.

DOCTOR:
(EMPHATIC) Doctor.

BEATRIX:
Whatever you say. Come on, it'll be dawn soon!

(FX: SHE OPENS THE DOOR. RAIN OUTSIDE GETS LOUDER.)

22: EXT. BARLEY FIELD (NIGHT)

(FX: RAIN. TALL BARLEY RUSTLES. THE DOCTOR AND BEATRIX WALK.)

BEATRIX:

You could see the Tor from here, but for the clouds. There's a problem though.

DOCTOR:

The Witch-Pricker's mercenaries? Don't worry, I've been past them twice already tonight.

BEATRIX:

How?

DOCTOR:

All this barley. The soldiers can't see a thing – at least, not while it's dark.

BEATRIX:

Where's your friend? The woman from the village square?

(FX: THE DOCTOR STOPS, BEATRIX LIKEWISE.)

DOCTOR:

She's... gone.

BEATRIX:

Is she coming back?

DOCTOR:

(CAN'T MASK HIS CONCERN) I don't know.

BEATRIX:

A stranger. Adrift in a parish of witches and devils.
(SLIGHTLY FLIRTATIOUS) Must be lonely, like.

DOCTOR:

The clouds are clearing. The... um... tor?

BEATRIX:

See that peak, to the right of the moon? That's Vetter's Tor.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't look far.

BEATRIX:

(LAUGHS) It's a dozen miles at least.

DOCTOR:

Ah, well. I can find my own way now, Beatrix. Thank you for your help.

BEATRIX:

But I can help more! I'm strong, I can carry things.

DOCTOR:

I don't need anything carrying, thanks. Goodbye.

(FX: HE BEGINS STRIDING OFF)

BEATRIX:

(CALLING AFTER HIM) 'sides, what would my father say if he knew a man broke into my bedchamber offering me gold?

(FX: THE DOCTOR STOPS.)

DOCTOR:

It wasn't gold it was Galdrium.

BEATRIX:

Galdrium. I'll be sure to tell my father. I'm sure he'll find that interesting.

DOCTOR:

(EXHALES) Oh, all right. At least with me you'll stay out of trouble.

BEATRIX:

(SQUEALS, CLAPS – SO HAPPY!)

(FX: SHE RUNS TO CATCH UP WITH HIM & THEY WALK OFF.)

23: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

MARY (NARRATION, WITH MUSIC):

When my senses returned, I found the Doctor's vessel at rest in the entrance hall of Tranchards Folly. We had returned from whence we began our journey – just as Lucern had predicted. I was alone, however – the twins were gone. Examination of the navigational mechanism proved unhelpful, for I did not dare attempt to fly the TARDIS myself. But it seemed that the twins had gathered more of its operation than I. They alone might help me recover the Doctor. The door control, at least, I could operate.

(FX: THE TARDIS DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

MARY:

(CALLING, SOFTLY) Finicia! Lucern! Where are you? (NO RESPONSE) Please. We can't stay here, we must return to the Doctor!

(FX: SHE EXITS THE TARDIS, WALKS PAST US, ON INTO THE HOUSE. BEAT. FROM THE STILLNESS WE HEAR THE WITCH)

WITCH:

(MUTTERING TO SELF) Ikodar... Euclon... Davarox... heh.

(FX: THE WITCH SHUFFLES ON. FADE)

24: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (STUDY)

(FX: FINICIA AND LUCERN URGENTLY RIFLE THROUGH CABINETS AND DRAWERS.)

LUCERN:

(SLAMMING DOWN BOOKS) It's not here, Finicia!

FINICIA:

This is the only room he's furnished, Lucern. Where else would he keep it? (BEAT) The desk drawer's locked. I need something to force it. (AN IDEA) Behind you. Fireplace. Poker!

LUCERN:

What? Oh! (SNATCHING UP POKER) Here.

FINICIA:

(EFFORT, WEDGING POKER IN DRAWER)

LUCERN:

Maybe he *did* have it on him, after all. Maybe you missed it, when you searched his coat outside?

(FX: WOOD CREAKS AND SPLINTERS.)

FINICIA:

It's open!

(FX: A DRAWER'S PULLED OPEN. A WEIRD MECHANICAL ULULATION STARTS UP.)

LUCERN:

(AWED) We've found it. The WitchStar Configuration!

FINICIA:

I'd forgotten how beautiful it is. It's been three and a half centuries since last we saw it!

LUCERN:

Now we're ready for her.

FINICIA:

Now we'll take her life.

25: EXT. VETTER'S TOR (DAY)

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND BEATRIX WALK UP. A LOW BREEZE. NO LEAVES, NO BIRDS.)

DOCTOR:

(PAUSING FOR BREATH) So this is Vetter's Tor, eh? The ground's a bit churned up. One guess as to what could have done that.

BEATRIX:

Are we going to be here long? Only I don't want to miss the big day.

DOCTOR:

The big day?

BEATRIX:

Agnes Bates, o' course! The whole village'll turn out. The Witch-Pricker'll be there. They say he's like an angel of death, in his black robe.

DOCTOR:

I prefer angels of mercy.

BEATRIX:

Gonna be a nice day for an execution. Wonder if it'll be a hanging? I do like a hanging.

DOCTOR:

What if the Witch-Pricker finds she's innocent?

BEATRIX:

(LAUGHS) Ha! You're a funny one, Doctor! Innocent!

(FX: THERE'S A LOW HUM.)

DOCTOR:

Shh! Do you hear that?

BEATRIX:

Hear what?

DOCTOR:

That's the discharge from a fractured power-cell. Keep an eye out, Beatrix. That crashed ship is around here somewhere.

(FX: HE MOVES OFF, SCOURING THE GROUND)

BEATRIX:

(CALLING) What does it look like?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) You'll know it if you see it. Anything?

BEATRIX:

(SEARCHING, NOT VERY HARD. CALLING) Rabbit hole. Maybe a coney picked it up and made off with it.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Bit heavy for a bunny.

BEATRIX:

(CALLING) Not this one: he's big 'un by the looks of him.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Hang on. (RUNNING UP & PAUSING TO EXAMINE THE HOLE)
That's no rabbit hole.

BEATRIX:

Badgers' sett, then. (FX: DOCTOR CLAWING AT GROUND) Hey, you wanna watch yourself. Old Brock'll give you a nasty bite for digging up his house.

DOCTOR:

(PAUSING) Since when did badgers build setts with doors?

BEATRIX:

Doors?

DOCTOR:

An entry hatch to be precise. Now if I can just...

(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER.)

BEATRIX:

What's with your stick? Is it magic?

DOCTOR:

Sonic. Much more reliable.

(FX: A HERMETIC SEAL BREAKS – AIR HISSES OUT! SCREWDRIVER OFF)

We're in! (BEAT) Coming, Beatrix?

BEATRIX:

Where's that light coming from? I don't like it.

DOCTOR:

It's alright. You'll be safe with me. I think.

26: INT. CELLS

(FX: SMALL, ECHOING SPACE. WALLS DRIPPING. DOOR OPENS.)

AGNES:

(BITTER) A gentleman visitor. That takes me back.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

I'm not here to rehearse the past, Agnes.

AGNES:

The past is all I have, Squire. You'll excuse me if I cling to it, seeing as I'll doubtless be executed before the day's out.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

May I sit?

AGNES:

As you like.

(FX: SHE SHUFFLES UP. HE JOINS HER.)

If you're here to save me, you're too late. Have you not heard? I'm the Devil's bride.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Speak to John Kincaid like that, and he'll surely see you hang.

AGNES:

The sun rises, the seasons turn, the Witch-Pricker passes sentence. That's the natural order of things. You know that, you summoned him.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

How many women were arrested after the fires on Vetter's Tor? Do you see them here in these cells? Every one of them gave evidence against you. Kincaid let them walk free!

AGNES:

They are fortunate, then.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

You must do the same, Agnes. Spread your guilt so thin that he'll have no choice but to let you live.

AGNES:

You'd have me bear false witness against my neighbours.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
As they have against you.

AGNES:
(SIGHS) Let me rest, Squire. I've so few dreams ahead of me.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
(PLEADING) Agnes... please.

AGNES:
Go now. I've no use for you.

(FX: RUSTLE OF RAGS AND LIMBS, AS SHE TURNS OVER.)

27: INT. VARAXIL SPACESHIP

(FX: POWER-CELLS HUM LOUDER INSIDE THE SHIP. DECKS ARE METALLIC. BEATRIX CLIMBING DOWN THE LADDER FROM THE HATCH.)

DOCTOR:

Just a couple more rungs. That's it, Beatrix.

(FX: BEATRIC SETS FOOT ON METAL)

BEATRIX:

What is this place? It smells hellish.

DOCTOR:

It's a crashed Varaxil spaceship. I thought I'd mentioned that. Here, hold this. (HEFTS SOMETHING HEAVY INTO BEATRIX'S HANDS – ABOUT THE SIZE & WEIGHT OF A CAR BATTERY)

BEATRIX:

Ooof! Blimey, this is a weight. What is it?

DOCTOR:

Fractured power-cell. I told you there'd be one. (EXAMINING IT) Hmm. Not based on Odic technology – that's odd. (FX: POWER CELL HUM OFF) Better hang on to it. Now, let's see what still works in here.

(FX: THROWS SWITCHES. A THROBBING PULSE, LIKE AN ELECTRICAL CIRCUIT'S HEARTBEAT.)

BEATRIX:

What're you doing? (HEARING THE PULSE. HUSHED) What's that?

DOCTOR:

Transmutation matrix. Set to 'human', judging by that heartbeat. The survivor must have shape-shifted before it left. That's probably what fractured the power cell.

BEATRIX:

Left, you said?

DOCTOR:

Certainly.

BEATRIX:

Then who's that over there?

DOCTOR:

Over [whe-]? (NOTICING) Oh, now that is fascinating..

(FX: MOVING FORWARDS TO MEET A CRACKLING ENERGY-FIELD.)

BEATRIX:

What is this thing? A cage of light?

DOCTOR:

A Lokic containment web.

BEATRIX:

Lokic. Odic. Make your mind up.

DOCTOR:

They're antithetical energy forces.

BEATRIX:

You're as bad as some of them Latin prelates. Can't understand a word you're saying.

DOCTOR:

It's quite simple. Lokic fields cancel Odic energy. It's like night and day; you can't have both at the same time. So why would a Varaxil vessel based on Odic energy be carrying a Lokic containment web? It's like a drowning man clutching a supply of lead weights to keep afloat.

(FX: ANOTHER CRACKLE.)

BEATRIX:

Here, that's not a person in there! It's a demon! Look: horns... and hooves! Saints preserve us, it's the Devil himself!

(FX: ANOTHER CRACKLE. THE CREATURE IN THE CAGE HISSES, AS IF VERY FAR AWAY. AND VERY ALIEN.)

DOCTOR:

A Pherkad flux imp. (TO THE CLOSEST IMP) You should be 480 light years away. What are you doing here, my friend?

(FX: A MOURNFUL IMP WAIL)

BEATRIX:

Lord ha' mercy! Don't talk to it, fool. Before you know it, it'll steal your soul.

DOCTOR:

We've nothing to fear, Beatrix. This imp is a prisoner; an Odic channeller incarcerated by the Varaxils. Why, though?

(FX: THE IMP MOVES FORWARD & MOANS)

BEATRIX:

It's moving! It's reaching for us!

DOCTOR:

It's reaching for something. Of course: the fractured power cell! Oh, that's not good. Not good at all.

(FX: A DRAWN OUT YOWL)

BEATRIX:

What's happening?

DOCTOR:

The imp's diluting. The power cell must be interfering with the Lokic field. Quick, Beatrix: hand it over. There might still be time to help it!

BEATRIX:

Help it? You're fit for Bedlam, stranger! I'll not stay with you! Here's your devilish power cell.

(FX: SHE DROPS IT, CLATTERING ACROSS THE METAL DECK.)

I'm off!

(FX: SHE CLAMBERS UP THE LADDER!)

DOCTOR:

Beatrix! Come back! Beatrix!

(FX: ANOTHER ELECTRICAL CRACKLE. THE CONTAINMENT FIELD FLUCTUATES & WEAKENS. THE FLUX IMP HISSES AGAIN. FEEBLE, CLOSE TO DEATH.)

(TO HIMSELF) Field decay. Too late. (SOOTHING TO THE IMP) I can't release you, my little friend. I'm sorry. The containment field's drained too much from you. (BEAT) But I won't leave you, I promise. I'll stay with you as long as it takes. You won't die alone.

(FX: ANOTHER CRACKLE. THE ALIEN HISSES ONCE MORE. SOUNDS LIKE IT'S SOBBING.)

28: EXT. SPINNEY (NIGHT)

MARY (NARRATION – AS BEFORE):

The twins were barely younger than I, yet they behaved like spoiled children. Perhaps they were ashamed of their actions, fearful of the consequences they would face. Perhaps they were hiding in the grounds... beside the well... among the dead!

(FX: OWL HOOTS. FADE UP MARY, SEARCHING AMONG THE TREES IN THE DARK.)

MARY:

(QUIET BUT URGENT) Finicia? Lucern? Where are you? Show yourselves! Please!

(FX: A RUSTLE FROM NEARBY FOLIAGE.)

MARY:

Lucern. Is that you?

(FX: SUDDENLY – SHE'S ATTACKED! TACKLED TO THE GROUND!)

(STRUGGLING) Get off me! I warn you, I can defend myself!

(FX: WHACK! SHE LANDS A SOLID BLOW!)

ALEISTER:

Oww! My nose!!!

MARY:

Let that be a lesson to you not to attack people in the middle of the night!

ALEISTER:

I'm sorry! I thought you were that thing from the well.

MARY:

The witch? Have you seen it?

ALEISTER:

Not lately, thankfully. I played dead when it attacked me. Barely dared move since. I think it might be in the house, I didn't dare go call for help. Not on my own, at least. I'm Aleister Portillon, Thirteenth Earl of Whetstone.

MARY:

Of course! I thought I recognized the nose. The Squire's is identical.

ALEISTER:
The Squire?

MARY:
An ancestor of yours.

ALEISTER:
You seem to be very well acquainted with my family history.
Your face is somehow familiar to me, too. Are you in the book?

MARY:
No, sir, I write them – or will do. Now come with me. We must
find the twins.

ALEISTER:
Twins?

MARY:
Lucern and Finicia. Your children. Perhaps they'll show
themselves if their father calls.

ALEISTER:
I think there's been a misunderstanding. I've no children –
twins or otherwise. I'm not even married.

MARY:
I beg your pardon?

29: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: A COLUMN OF SOLDIERS CLATTER BY. THEY HAVE A STRUGGLING WOMAN IN CUSTODY - BEATRIX.)

BEATRIX:

Let me go! I have to speak to the Witch-Pricker! I've seen an infernal temple to the glory of Satan and his damned servants!

CORNET SWALLOW:

Shut your piehole, wench, or I'll shut it for you!

BEATRIX:

But I've seen the Devil on Vetter's Tor! Oh, why won't any of you idiots listen?

(FX: MORE STRUGGLING.)

FINICIA [C17]:

(APPROACHING) Soldier! Let this poor woman be! Can't you see she's disturbed?

CORNET SWALLOW:

We found her in the barley fields, Mistress Portillon. She'd broken the cordon.

FINICIA [C17]:

Well, that's no reason to bind her wrists and rope her like a common thief.

CORNET SWALLOW:

We're the Witch-Pricker's men. We've authority here.

FINICIA [C17]:

I'm the Squire's daughter, and you're here at my father's request. Now untie her!

CORNET SWALLOW:

(SNIFFS) Well... I suppose she don't look much like a witch. Untie her lads.

(FX: THEY DO SO)

FINICIA [C17]:

I'll take her from here. Be on your way, cornet.

CORNET SWALLOW:

By your leave, miss. Fall in, lads!

(FX: THE SOLDIERS MARCH OFF.)

BEATRIX:

(SOBS, RELIEVED) Oh Mistress Portillon, thank you! You're so good to a poor benighted soul!

FINICIA [C17]:

It's Beatrix, isn't it? Come with me, Beatrix. You can bathe and rest in my father's halls. Then you must tell me everything. The Devil's on Vetter's Tor, you say?

30: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (ENTRANCE HALL)

(FX: MARY & ALEISTER, APPROACHING ACROSS A TILED CORRIDOR.)

ALEISTER:

Shouldn't we just contact the authorities? They can sort everything out.

MARY:

We can't leave the twins alone here with the creature!

ALEISTER:

Look, I don't know these twins. As far as I'm concerned, they're intruders. They deserve whatever's coming to them.

MARY:

You, sir, are a coward!

(FX: ALEISTER STOPS. SO DOES MARY.)

ALEISTER:

That's funny.

MARY:

Cowardice amuses you, does it?

ALEISTER:

No, I didn't mean that. I meant the blue box. Never noticed it before. Front entrance is this way. (MARCHES TO DOORS) Ghastly great doors, takes a good old heave to get 'em [open –]

(FX: A CRACKLE OF UNBOUND ENERGY. LIKE THE CONTAINMENT WEBS IN THE CRASHED VARAXIL SHIP, BUT FIERCER! ALEISTER'S ZAPPED!)

ALEISTER:

(SCREAMS!)

MARY:

ALEISTER!

31: INT. CHURCH

(FX: DRY & DUSTY CHURCH. PORTILLON IS PLAYING ON A WHEEZING CHURCH ORGAN. THE DOOR OPENS, PORTILLON STOPS PLAYING & KINDCAID STRIDES UP)

MASTER KINCAID:

There you are, Squire Portillon. I feared you had deserted us – else been taken by witchcraft.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Nothing of the sort. I was merely collecting my thoughts. (A DECISION) Master Kincaid, when I wrote you that letter regarding Mistress Bates, I [may have]-

MASTER KINCAID:

Agnes Bates is the heart of the evil afflicting your village, Squire. It's my belief she was sent to drag you all to Hell.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

I fear she's a gull. There have been whispers against her ever since my wife's death, Master Kincaid.

MASTER KINCAID:

All the more reason to suspect she's guilty. She'll confess. And, the angels willing, she'll die redeemed.

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Convicted and then tried. Isn't that the wrong way round?

MASTER KINCAID:

I know you, sir. You were in this church when I spoke yesterday – and again by the farm. You showed me scant regard.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) "Judges had rather that ten innocent should suffer than that one guilty should escape." A friend of mine wrote that. Or will write that – assuming I get her home in one piece.

MASTER KINCAID:

Guard – arrest this outsider!

(FX: A SOLDIER ADVANCES, BUCKLES AND BREASTPLATE CLATTERING.)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Master Kincaid! This church is a place of sanctuary.

MASTER KINCAID:

(ARRESTING THE SOLDIER) Hold! Wait for me outside.

(FX: MORE CLATTER, AS THE GUARD RETREATS.)

You'll hear his petition, Squire? After he attacked you at Morris's barn?

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, things were a bit chaotic then. Slightly clearer now. Your village is in danger, Squire Portillon. Kincaid can't save you, but I think I can.

MASTER KINCAID:

His words are traps. He'll lure you into Hell.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

In this matter, I'll be the judge. Doctor, will you dine with me at the manor house?

DOCTOR:

That would be splendid. I must say, you're being terribly reasonable about all this.

32: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (ENTRANCE HALL)

MARY:

(FX: SHAKING ALEISTER) Aleister! Aleister! Can you hear me?

ALEISTER:

(COMING ROUND) Yes... yes. Please stop shaking me, I'm dizzy enough as it is.

MARY:

Thank goodness! Are you unhurt?

ALEISTER:

Um... I think so. Must have a word with Janek about that wiring. I thought he'd fixed [it]. (REMEMBERING) Oh. Poor Janek.

MARY:

Stay where you are, whilst I investigate.

(FX: TENTATIVE PROBING – PRODUCING SMALLER, LESS AGGRESSIVE ELECTRICAL CRACKLES THAN THE ONE THAT LAID ALEISTER OUT.)

How curious. An invisible wall of force. Barring the doors.

ALEISTER:

You mean – we're locked out?

MARY:

Locked in, it would seem. But I don't believe we're the intended target. Surely this snare was laid in preparation for that creature? The witch from the well?

ALEISTER:

We should call the police. Do you have a mobile?

MARY:

(NO IDEA) I don't believe I do.

ALEISTER:

Well, then – there's a telephone in my study. Come on.

(FX: THEY WALK)

33: INT. MANOR HOUSE (MAIN HALL)

(FX: A ROARING LOG FIRE. THE DOCTOR & PORTILLON ARE SEATED. A DISGRUNTLED KINCAID STANDS GLOOMILY)

DOCTOR:

Squire Portillon, Master Kincaid – there are no witches in Tranchard's Fell. Not a one. In fact, there are no witches anywhere – except the Witch Dimension of Hecatrix, of course. Quite a few there.

MASTER KINCAID:

Pah! You babble, sir. I have met many witches in my time. Aye, and defeated their devilry.

DOCTOR:

Executed them, you mean.

MASTER KINCAID:

'tis the only way.

DOCTOR:

(HOTLY) It is NOT the only way!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(CALMING) You say there are no witches, Doctor. Very well, then who killed the farmer and those others?

DOCTOR:

Good question. It's questions like that which might just enable us to come through this without anyone else getting hurt. Now, brace yourselves for a culture shock: those people were killed by a traveller from another world.

MASTER KINCAID:

There is Earth, there is Heaven, there is Hell. If the murderer did not come from Earth, nor from Heaven – since when did angels kill – then the other world you refer to must be Hell. We are in agreement, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

We are not! I mean from another celestial body. Speaking of bodies, we have a problem: the alien lifeform has altered its shape. It looks human.

MASTER KINCAID:

The devil in man's likeness. I have encountered this, too. You are saying this demon stalks the village in the guise of Agnes Bates.

DOCTOR:

No, not Agnes Bates! Can't you see she's innocent?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

If not Agnes, Doctor, then another of the accused?

DOCTOR:

I doubt it. The creature's clever, it wouldn't draw attention to itself. I don't know what it wants, exactly. But I do know it's dangerous.

MASTER KINCAID:

(SWEEPING A GOBLET & SOME PAPERS OFF THE TABLE IN A SUDDEN BURST OF FURY) Enough of this! I have the full weight of Parliament's authority! Give me rope and a branding-iron, Squire. I'll soon prove Agnes Bates is a witch and that this man is a heretic.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

The Doctor says Agnes Bates is no witch. On balance, I'm inclined to hear him out. I've had my fill of your brutality, John Kincaid.

DOCTOR:

Nicely put, Squire!

(FX: SUDDENLY – THE DOOR BARGES OPEN! C17 FINICIA AND BEATRIX BARREL IN.)

FINICIA [C17]:

(RUSHING IN) Father! Master Kincaid!

DOCTOR:

(SURPRISED) Finicia...?!?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

This is no place for you, my daughter.

DOCTOR:

Your daughter?

BEATRIX:

(BEHIND FINICIA) There he is! That's him! The Doctor! The Devil's man!

MASTER KINCAID:

(TRIUMPHANT) The Devil's man! I knew it! Explain yourself, woman.

BEATRIX:

He came to my bed last night! He lured me with magical gold that shines in the dark! Then he took me underground, into Hell! I saw the Devil himself!

DOCTOR:

Now, wait a moment – that’s not exactly [what happened] –

MASTER KINCAID:

Just as I thought! He’s a heretic – here to corrupt us all!
(CALLING) Guards! Guards!

BEATRIX:

He has a wand that opens locks!

MASTER KINCAID:

Does he now?

CORNET SWALLOW:

(RUSHING IN) You called, Master Kincaid?

MASTER KINCAID:

Hold him while I search him.

(FX: SWALLOW GRABS THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Squire, please! You know this is wrong!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Master Kincaid, I must protest.

MASTER KINCAID:

(IGNORING SQUIRE, WHILE SEARCHING DOCTOR) So many pockets...

FINICIA [C17]:

Allow me, Master Kincaid. Ah, here it is! You see?

(FX: SHE ACTIVATES IT BRIEFLY)

DOCTOR:

Please, Finicia. That’s not a toy. It’s a sonic [screwdriver.]

MASTER KINCAID:

Lock this “Doctor” in the cellars, Cornet Swallow. If he should struggle – kill him.

CORNET SWALLOW:

Right you are, Master Kincaid. (TO DOCTOR) C’mere, you.

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S DRAGGED TO THE DOOR, AMID MUCH CLATTERING.)

DOCTOR:

I tell you, all of you – you're making a terrible mistake!

(FX: THEY EXIT)

BEATRIX:

No mistake – warlock!!!

FINICIA [C17]:

Well, Father? Did I do the right thing, bringing Beatrix here?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(UNCERTAIN) Yes, yes, of course, Finicia.

MASTER KINCAID:

If not for your intervention, child, your father would have sold us all to the darkness.

BEATRIX:

(OBLIVIOUS) That's him shown, ain't it? That 'Doctor'?

FINICIA [C17]:

(SOTTO) Of course, it's a pity about Beatrix.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(SOTTO) What do you mean?

FINICIA [C17]:

(SOTTO) Those who come into contact with darkness...

MASTER KINCAID:

(SOTTO) ... may themselves fall victim to it. (ALOUD) Beatrix?

BEATRIX:

(WORRIED) M-mistress Finicia? Why – why's Master Kincaid lookin' at me like that...?

34: INT. CELLS

(FX: FADE UP. WATER DRIPS. THE DOOR OPENS.)

DOCTOR:

Wait, there's something inhuman out there!

CORNET SWALLOW:

In you go, sorcerer!

DOCTOR:

It could be anyone, anywhere!

(FX: HE'S THROWN INTO THE CELLS. OOOOF! DOOR SLAMS,
BOLTS LOCK.)

DOCTOR:

(FROM THE FLOOR, HALF TO HIMSELF) I can help you.

AGNES:

Well, well. You're no local, are you? You've come a long long way.

DOCTOR:

I know you. I saw you arrested. You're [Agnes] –

AGNES:

Agnes Bates. Servant of Satan. Pleased to meet you.

35: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (ALEISTER'S STUDY)

(FX: DOOR CREAKS.)

ALEISTER:

Here we are. This is the study. My inner sanctum. Looks safe enough.

(FX: MARY AND ALEISTER ENTER.)

MARY:

You say you're able to contact the authorities from here?

ALEISTER:

Just calling them now. (FX: HE BEGINS PUNCHING IN THE NUMBER)
This is the only room I've renovated, since Tranchards Folly came into my hands. My books need a proper setting.

(FX: THE PHONELINE HUMS. NO DIAL-TONE.)

ALEISTER:

The phone's dead. The internet might work though. Where's that lead?

(FX: SCRABBLES AROUND. MARY PACES THE ROOM, CURIOUS.)

MARY:

These books of yours. There appears to be a theme.

ALEISTER:

I'm a scholar of the Wicked Lord's more illustrious great-nephew. Just an amateur, you understand, though I publish occasionally. (BEAT) Ah! Here's the beggar! Now, where's that socket?

MARY:

Great-nephew of William Byron. You mean the Sixth Baron, I presume?

ALEISTER:

Crikey – you do know your Debretts! You're an admirer of Lord George Gordon Byron as well!

MARY:

I wouldn't say that, exactly. (BEAT) So many volumes... you must know a great deal about his life.

ALEISTER:

I suppose I must.

MARY:

And about his friends. Percy Shelley... Mary Godwin.

ALEISTER:

Second-raters. Mere footnotes to Byron's odyssey.

MARY:

But they're here, nonetheless. Their lives recorded on these shelves.

ALEISTER:

If you want to waste your time on them.

MARY:

(SOTTO) "A forward investment – in my own future."

ALEISTER:

(FIDDLING WITH CONNECTIONS) Beg pardon?

MARY:

Something a friend of mine said, when we first met. Doesn't matter. I wonder... May I examine your library?

ALEISTER:

Be my guest. Marchand's biography would be a good start.

(FX: MARY TAKES DOWN A BOOK. LEAFS THROUGH IT.)

MARY:

How fascinating.

36: INT. CELLS

(FX: WATER DRIPS.)

AGNES:

I'm a healer. Herbs, lotions, mushrooms and the like. Runs in the family. They come for miles to see me.

DOCTOR:

You heal the sick. So why are you an outsider?

AGNES:

I could ask you the same.

DOCTOR:

We'd be here all day.

AGNES:

(SIGHS) Seventeen years ago, I birthed the Squire's twins. Their mother was sweet and lovely, the village adored her. (BEAT) She died. Broke the Squire's heart. Some of us only have the one, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(SHARPLY) What did you say?

AGNES:

The one sweetheart.

DOCTOR:

I see. And the Squire blamed you for her death?

AGNES:

He was the only one what didn't. He knew his little ones would be in the earth beside her, if not for me.

DOCTOR:

But the villagers didn't see things that way.

AGNES:

They said I'd dallied with the Squire. Murdered my rival. I had to leave Tranchard's Fell. Made my home in the forest by Sutherland's Meadow.

DOCTOR:

The stories weren't true, I take it?

AGNES:

A peasant girl and a Squire? I don't know what it's like where you come from, but that sort of thing doesn't happen here.

DOCTOR:
Tell me about the gift, Agnes.

AGNES:
Come again?

DOCTOR:
The second sight. The clairvoyance – or is it X-ray vision?

AGNES:
I don't know what you mean.

DOCTOR:
You said I wasn't local. You know I have two hearts. You called me a Lord of Time when you first saw me. You even spoke of silver ships. You don't heal your patients with herbs, do you, Agnes? You can see what's under their skin. What else do you see?

AGNES:
I told you. I ain't a witch, whatever they say.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I know that. Your mind's exceptional, Agnes Bates – you're an evolutionary quirk. A leap forward. Oh, this is so typical! The future of humanity right in front of them, and they want to see you hang!

AGNES:
I reckon you've had a bit too much sun, laddie.

BEATRIX:
(OFF, MUFFLED. STRUGGLING, OUTSIDE THE DOOR) Let me go! Let me go! Don't put me in there with him!

AGNES:
That's Beatrix! One of the women who condemned me.

DOCTOR:
Something else we have in common.

BEATRIX:
(THROWN INTO THE CELLS.) He's a devil! He'll sup my soul for breakfast!

(FX: DOOR BOLTED!)

AGNES:
Hello, Beatrix, love. Fancy seeing you here.

37: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (ALEISTER'S STUDY)

(FX: ALEISTER'S TAPPING AT A COMPUTER KEYBOARD. TRIGGERING A MICROSOFT-STYLE FAILURE SOUND)

ALEISTER:

Still no connection, this is useless!

(FX: MARY'S TURNING PAGES, READING.)

MARY:

Poor Ada, poor sweet Annabella!

ALEISTER:

What are you reading?

MARY:

Byron abandoned his wife and daughter, just weeks before he left for Geneva. Such cruelty... I had no idea!

ALEISTER:

I'm finding your interest in the great man more than a little odd, under the current circumstances. You seem obsessed.

MARY:

Says the man with a library dedicated to him.

ALEISTER:

(COUGHS) Ah well... that's different...

MARY:

The twins can operate the Doctor's vessel. If we find them, we can find him. He'll know the best course.

ALEISTER:

This Doctor's your, um –?

MARY:

Certainly not.

ALEISTER:

Oh. Right. By the way, I didn't quite catch your [name]–?

(FX: SWOOSHING AND SCUTTling, IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE. ALEISTER STOPS MID-SENTENCE. A NERVOUS PAUSE.)

I say. Did you hear something, in the corridor outside?

(FX: MORE SCUTTling – CLOSER!)

WITCH:

(APPROACHING FROM CORRIDOR) Odoxa! Amisovan! Ezrir of Traken!

MARY:

Quick – shut the door! Bolt it! Hurry!

(FX: ALEISTER SLAMS THE STUDY DOOR. SLIDES A BOLT INTO PLACE!)

WITCH:

(BEHIND DOOR) (SCREECHES IN FRUSTRATION)

ALEISTER:

That should hold her off!

(FX: A SHRIEK FROM BEHIND DOOR – THEN A THUNDEROUS BLOW AGAINST THE DOOR. WOOD SPLINTERS!)

MARY:

There wouldn't happen to be another way out of this room, would there?

(FX: SWOOSH – SCUTTLE – SHRIEK! THE WITCH FROM THE WELL'S HEAD IS THROUGH THE DOOR – SHE SCREAMS!)

38: INT. CELLS

(FX: WATER DRIPS. BEATRIX SNORES. CELL DOOR OPENS. C17 FINICIA AND LUCERN ENTER.)

LUCERN [C17]:

The old woman from the woods. The girl who snores like a pig. And the stranger.

FINICIA [C17]:

Scan the pig first, brother.

LUCERN [C17]:

As you wish... sister. (FX: SHAKES BEATRIX AWAKE.) You! The butcher's daughter! Wake up!

BEATRIX:

Master Portillon – and Mistress too! Thank the Lord you're here! They locked me up with these witches. I was afeared they'd call up the Hornéd One between 'em!

FINICIA [C17]:

Lucern, you know what to do.

BEATRIX:

Eh? What's that thing he's got there?

(FX: WEIRD MECHANICAL ULULATION STARTS UP, AS BEFORE.)

FINICIA [C17]:

We call it – the WitchStar.

BEATRIX:

Well, keep it away from me. I'm a good girl! Please, I don't like it... Please!!!

AGNES:

(WHISPER) Doctor – what are they doing to her?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Shush, Agnes! Let them think you're asleep!

39: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (ALEISTER'S STUDY)

(FX: THE WITCH – SCRABBLING THROUGH THE DOOR. FURIOUS, MUTTERING TO ITSELF)

WITCH:

Olnac! Ajaxus! Kabal! [De'azrad the fool. Erlex of the Crystal Mist. Nathir! Ederin!]

MARY:

Aleister! Quick: under the desk!

ALEISTER:

What? Oh absolutely!

(FX: THEY DART UNDER THE DESK, JUST AS THE WITCH BREAKS THROUGH & BEGINS WRECKING THE ROOM. PULLING BOOKS OFF SHELVES & SHREDDING PAGES)

MARY:

(SOTTO) How odd. You know, I don't think it's us it wants.

WITCH:

(B/G) Onivil. Udakoruc. The Golden Ilanora. Xetuz. Terothis...

ALEISTER:

(SOTTO) Well what then? What's it after?

MARY:

(SOTTO) I think it's looking for something.

WITCH:

(ANGRIER, STORMING OVER TOWARDS THEM) Zakenary! Anolak! Kadaf! Monuru!

ALEISTER:

Oh Lord, it's coming for us now! Give my your hand –

MARY:

Why-?

(FX: THE CREATURE SCREECHES, LUNGES!)

ALEISTER:

Because I don't want to die alone, that's why!

(FX: SUDDENLY – A CRACKLE OF UNBOUND ENERGY, LIKE A MASSIVE SHORT-CIRCUIT! THE CREATURE SCREECHES AND FLAILS, CAUGHT WITHIN IT!)

ALEISTER:

What... what happened?

MARY:

A trap! Like the barrier in the hall! The creature's caught like a fly in a web!

(FX: THE CONTAINMENT WEB SPARKS, CRACKLES IN TIME WITH THE CREATURE'S STRUGGLES. ITS EXERTIONS DIMINISHING IN VOLUME.)

WITCH:

(FADING) Turulick. Eloxar. Deret...

ALEISTER:

It's fading away! Like mist in a gale!

WITCH:

(FADING TO NOTHING) Ekizo of Ukret. Zalfak. [Ydner...]

(FX: THE CREATURE VANISHES COMPLETELY. THE CONTAINMENT WEB STOPS CRACKLING, AS IF A SWITCH WAS THROWN.)

MARY:

The desk. The trap was on the desk!

ALEISTER:

Well, why would anyone booby-trap my [desk] – (REALISATION) Of course! (LEAPS TO FEET, GOES AROUND DESK)

MARY:

Of course, what? What are you doing?

ALEISTER:

In the desk drawer. You'll see – (REALISATION) Oh, but this is outrageous! The drawer has been forced!

MARY:

It must have been the twins. Was anything taken?

ALEISTER:

Taken? I'll say! Those thieving villains have pinched the Witches' Star!

40: INT. CELLS

(FX: MECHANICAL ULULATIONS CONTINUE.)

BEATRIX:

(OFF) Ow! That hurts!

FINICIA [C17]:

(OFF) What does the WitchStar reveal, brother?

LUCERN [C17]:

(OFF) Patience!

AGNES:

(WHISPERS) What are they doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Scanning Beatrix. Whatever they're looking for – I don't want them to find it.

AGNES:

(WHISPERS) Does Beatrix have what they seek?

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) No. But you might. You have to cloud your mind, Agnes. Suppress your gift. I need you to focus on something exceptionally mundane. What do you eat?

AGNES:

(WHISPERS) Turnips. Mostly.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) Turnips! Perfect! When they turn that thing on you, don't think of anything but turnips!

(FX: THE SCANNER STOPS. BEATRIX GROANS, SLUMPS UNCONSCIOUS.)

LUCERN [C17]:

(OFF) The girl is hollow.

FINICIA [C17]:

(OFF) Like the rest of her species! (SIGHS) The old woman next.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPERS) They're coming. Remember – turnips.

LUCERN [C17]:

(APPROACHING) Sit up, crone!

AGNES:

(GROANS AS SHE'S HAULED UPRIGHT) Whatizzit-?

(FX: HE RESTARTS THE SCANNER. HOLD IT FOR A FEW MOMENTS.)

LUCERN [C17]:

No. Nothing. She seems particularly stupid, in fact. Little higher than a beast.

AGNES:

(MOANS AS HE LETS HER GO)

LUCERN [C17]:

Just the stranger remaining. (GRABBING DOCTOR) Sit upright, damn you!

DOCTOR:

(MOCK-WOOZY) What? I was having a sleep –

(FX: THE SCANNER STARTS UP AGAIN. ITS HUMMING WAVERS – THEN GOES OFF INTO A HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH!)

FINICIA [C17]:

He's not human! Not of this world.

DOCTOR:

A Time Lord, in fact. You two must be Varaxils?

LUCERN [C17]:

Sister – he knows!

FINICIA [C17]:

He knows nothing. How could he?

DOCTOR:

We've met before. Or rather we *will* meet. 350 years from now, you're both still here. Why? What are you waiting for?

LUCERN [C17]:

We'll ask the questions.

DOCTOR:

Well, when you come up with some, I'll answer them. Now: did you kill the Squire's twins?

LUCERN [C17]:

We are the Squire's twins, fool.

DOCTOR:

Come on, I wasn't born yesterday. Far from it, in fact.

FINICIA [C17]:

The Squire's children found us. We took their shapes.

DOCTOR:

But your transformation matrix was damaged in the crash. You're stuck. You can't change back.

LUCERN [C17]:

(A BIT FREAKED OUT) What? How do you know this?

DOCTOR:

What *is* that scanner of yours for, by the way? Ah! Don't tell me – detecting Odic potential! That's what the containment webs aboard your ship are for – to hold creatures with high levels of Odic energy! Like that poor Pherkad flux imp.

LUCERN [C17]:

If he talks, others may believe him, sister. He could threaten our mission.

DOCTOR:

I could – or I could help you. It all depends what this mission of yours involves.

FINICIA [C17]:

You're right, brother. We cannot take the risk. (LITTLE-GIRL SINGSONG) I think I'd better tell the Witch-Pricker that I've met another man possessed by the Devil. See you in the morning, Doctor.

(FX: THEY HEAD FOR THE DOOR)

DOCTOR:

Wait! Let's be sensible about this!

LUCERN [C17]:

Goodnight, Doctor. Tomorrow, Master Kincaid will find you and your fellow witches guilty of crimes against The Lord. And he'll condemn you all – to Hell!

(FX: THE DOOR SLAMS!)

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

(NO REPRISE)

41–44: DELETED

45: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: A COCK CROWS. HAMMERING, SAWING: THE SOUNDS OF TIMBER CONSTRUCTION.)

MASTER KINCAID:

Make those posts strong, Cornet! Satan's consorts will swing before the sun sets!

CORNET SWALLOW:

They'll be equal to the task, Master Kincaid.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(APPROACHING) Could the scaffolding not wait until after the verdict is heard, Witch-Pricker? It seems a little premature.

MASTER KINCAID:

It would be a pity to restrain such industriousness, Squire Portillon. Cornet Swallow and his men are raising hanging posts fit for a king, had we still a king to hang.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Even without a king, Master Kincaid, we must be kingly in meting out justice. I want a fair trial. There'll be no mob rule here.

MASTER KINCAID:

I see, Squire. So what you're saying is that you won't believe these three are witches until they themselves confess it?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Precisely. (REALISES WHAT HE'S SAYING) No, wait! I never meant—

MASTER KINCAID:

I know exactly what you meant, sir. And I shall draw proofs of their guilt soon enough – starting with the coven leader: the Doctor!

46: INT. CELLS

(FX: WATER DRIPS. CONSTRUCTION CAN BE HEARD OUTSIDE, MUFFLED.)

AGNES:

I don't understand it. I brought them twins into the world. Their little hearts nearly broke when their mother died. Good kids, both of 'em, just as she was. They'd spare a lame dog.

DOCTOR:

The Lucien and Finicia you knew are gone, Agnes. They've been replaced. Changelings.

AGNES:

(SCOFFING) Now that sounds like sorcery, Doctor!

BEATRIX:

Thought you said there weren't no such thing as magic.

DOCTOR:

There ain't. Isn't. But there is a wrecked alien spacecraft on Vetter's Tor, Beatrix, and I'm very much afraid that's worse.

BEATRIX:

For you two, you mean. Them nooses ain't for me. Miss Portillon - *Finicia* - she's my friend, she told me she were. She'll see I don't hang.

AGNES:

Then why are you down here?

DOCTOR:

You're guilty by association, Beatrix. You visited the spacecraft, with me. That makes you dangerous - at least in the eyes of the twins.

(FX: 2 x FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THROUGH:)

AGNES:

Hush now, someone's coming.

MASTER KINCAID:

(FX: CELL DOOR'S UNBOLTED, SWINGS OPEN) Doctor. I trust you and your acolytes have all that you require?

DOCTOR:

To be frank, I've been imprisoned in better facilities.

MASTER KINCAID:

Then I bring you joyous news: your discomfiture is nearly at an end. First we have the tedious formality of a confession. (FX: CLAPPING HANDS) Guards, bring him!

47: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (STUDY)

(FX: ALEISTER'S BREATHING HARD – SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS BY THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH THE WITCH FROM THE WELL.)

ALEISTER:

We have to get out of the house. That thing will be back.

MARY:

Alas, the doors will still be barred to us, as they were to the Witch. Now, then – stiffen your resolve, sir. You're no help to me like this.

ALEISTER:

You're right, of course. Look at this library! A blessed shrine to a man with a heart of oak. I know every detail of the 6th Baron's life, but when I need a dash of his nobility and courage, I'm put to shame by – a girl.

MARY:

You'd be surprised, I think, how much time Byron spent hiding behind women's skirts.

ALEISTER:

(PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER) So then – what's the plan?

MARY:

The cage that snared the witch was insubstantial. Did you see how its flux made the poor thing dance before it faded, like one of Signore Galvani's severed limbs?

ALEISTER:

Signore Galvani?

MARY:

We must investigate the provenance of those unearthly energies.

ALEISTER:

Well I can assure you you'll get no help from any of the volumes on these shelves. It's all history and biography.

MARY:

Then we must return to the TARDIS. (STRIDES OFF) Come along.

(FX: ALEISTER FOLLOWS.)

48: INT. MANOR HOUSE (MAIN HALL)

(FX: KINCAID TIGHTENS VARIOUS SCREWS & CLAMPS.)

DOCTOR:

I say, is this a genuine Inquisitional chair, or just a reproduction? I've always wanted to see the real McCoy.

MASTER KINCAID:

There's nothing unreal about this chair, Doctor. Except, perhaps, the pain it can inflict. (FINISHES TIGHTENING THE SCREWS) The clamps holding your wrists, chest and legs can be tightened, making the spikes on the back, the seat and in the arm rests more... vexing. If you prove uncooperative, that is.

DOCTOR:

If I don't confess, you mean.

MASTER KINCAID:

Quite so, Doctor. Now, before we employ the chair's more imaginative features, why not simply confess? Tell me freely how you've served Satan and denounced our Lord. Admit you corrupted Agnes Bates and the other wench, as you planned to corrupt this village. Confess to that and I'll release you from this chair at once.

DOCTOR:

I see. And if I confess, you'll set Agnes and Beatrix free?

MASTER KINCAID:

Alas, I cannot promise that. But I can guarantee that I'll give both them and you swift deaths on the gallows. You'll be judged in a higher court, where I'm sure repentance will count in your favour.

DOCTOR:

Kincaid: if anyone needs to repent, it's you! Agnes forgave this village, she continued healing them even after they cast her out. You know that! As for Beatrix, the girl's hardly a master criminal - how could she possibly threaten anyone?

MASTER KINCAID:

The ignorant make the most reliable followers, Doctor. But enough of your acolytes. I'm much more interested in you. Why are you here? You seem to take such pleasure questioning our certainties. That's Satan's work, wouldn't you say?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you'd know. Look, I told you at the Squire's: we can get through this without anyone else getting hurt.

MASTER KINCAID:

Sinners cannot go unpunished.

DOCTOR:

Careful, Kincaid. It almost sounds like you take a pride in your work. Isn't that a sin?

MASTER KINCAID:

I'm a humble servant of Church and State, Doctor. Nothing more.

DOCTOR:

Exactly! But you could be so much more, if only you set aside your prejudices. You're a clever man, Kincaid, so don't behave like a stupid one. Agnes has none of your knowledge and yet you could learn so much from her.

MASTER KINCAID:

The unwashed have nothing to teach educated men.

DOCTOR:

She sees, she thinks, she makes connections. If you had your way, I doubt the human race would've left the caves.

(FX: SCREWS TIGHTENED. THE DOCTOR INHALES)

MASTER KINCAID:

(CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR) Hurts, doesn't it?

DOCTOR:

(IN PAIN, BUT HIDING IT) All I ask, Kincaid, is that two innocent women don't suffer for my so-called crimes. I'll answer for my own life, but I won't have anyone else die for me.

MASTER KINCAID:

Noble sentiments, Doctor. Worthy of a martyr. But I have what I needed: you've confessed to your crimes, you accept your punishment and you wish your fellow sinners to be redeemed alongside you. (CALLS) Guards!

DOCTOR:

That's not what I said!

MASTER KINCAID:

The devil is in the details, Doctor. At noon, your unholy trinity will hang. (GUARDS ENTER) Take the warlock back to the cells. He wishes to make peace with His Maker. Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(FRANTIC) Kincaid! Listen! The twins: they're not –

(FX: THE DOORS SLAM!)

49: INT. MANOR HOUSE (DINING HALL)

(FX: FADE UP. CLOCK ON MANTEL FINISHES CHIMING ELEVEN)

LUCERN [C17]:

Eleven o'clock, sister. The Witch-Pricker must have his confession by now.

FINICIA [C17]:

The Gallifreyan and his companions will be dead soon. And any suspicions against us will die with them.

LUCERN [C17]:

The Doctor and the girl have to hang. I don't question that. But the old healer's no danger to us.

FINICIA [C17]:

She's unlucky, that's all. The whole village thinks she's a witch already – if she were saved from the rope, the guilt of the others would be doubted as well.

LUCERN [C17]:

Five dead at the barn, and now this.

FINICIA [C17]:

We didn't choose to crash on such a savage world. We must do what's necessary to survive and continue our mission.

LUCERN [C17]:

Our mission doesn't licence the murder of the untainted.

FINICIA [C17]:

You scanned the healer yourself. You saw the readings. She's primitive – hollow. The universe won't mourn her passing. Come along, brother, we should go to the square. 'Father' will be waiting.

50: INT. TARDIS (CONTROL ROOM)

(FX: TARDIS DOORS SWING OPEN. MARY AND ALEISTER ENTER.
ALEISTER STOPS DEAD)

MARY:

Come on in, sir. I assure you, it is perfectly safe.

ALEISTER:

But... this is impossible!

MARY:

Evidently not, since you are standing in it. The Doctor explained it to me when I boarded. Though not at all clearly. Truth be told, he's rarely clear.

ALEISTER:

It's bigger on the [inside –]

MARY:

For my peace of mind, I've resolved to view it as a form of perspective. Once inside, we see space around us expanded, much as we see distance and depth within a flat canvas by Claude or Poussin.

ALEISTER:

That makes no sense at all.

MARY:

I fear it's the best I can offer. (STARTS WALKING AGAIN) This way.

ALEISTER:

(FOLLOWING) Where are we going?

MARY:

(OFF, ECHOING) The Doctor's library. I believe a bibliophile such as yourself will be impressed.

51: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: FADE UP THE DOCTOR, AGNES AND BEATRIX, DRAGGED THROUGH THE VILLAGE)

AGNES:

Three gallows for three witches.

DOCTOR:

Not really the time, I know. But the workmanship looks admirable. Very solid.

CORNET SWALLOW:

Shut up, both of you.

BEATRIX:

Begging your pardon, Cornet, sir. I shouldn't be here. Not with these witches. I'm innocent, you see.

CORNET SWALLOW:

And you can shut up too, butcher's dam, else I'll gag you!

DOCTOR:

Best do as he says, Beatrix.

(FX: BAYING MOB COMES INTO EARSHOT AS THEY APPROACH THE HANGING POSTS.)

VILLAGERS:

Let's see 'em hang!/Send them witches back to hell!/They levelled my crops!/Aye, and made my cows barren! [ETC]

(FX: GENERAL JEERS CONTINUE UNDER:)

BEATRIX:

(HORRIFIED) Saints! They're like beasts, they want our blood! I never thought I'd be the one they was jeering at.

DOCTOR:

Don't lose heart, Beatrix. We'll get through this. Somehow.

AGNES:

If you believe that, you're madder'n she is.

(FX: BUNDLED UP WOODEN STEPS.)

MASTER KINCAID:

(OFF) Up on the platform with them, Cornet – so they can face their accusers. Let the villagers see their infernal aspects!

CORNET SWALLOW:

You heard the Witch-Pricker. Turn around.

(FX: THEY SHUFFLE ROUND. THE CROWD STARTS CHANTING:)

VILLAGERS:

Hang 'em! Hang 'em! Hang 'em! [ETC]

BEATRIX:

Oh Lord. We're doomed!

MASTER KINCAID:

(ORATING) Secure the nooses, Cornet! Let none of them wriggle free!

DOCTOR:

Listen to me! You're in danger, all of you! A very real danger. Up on Vetter's Tor, there's a ship – a vessel – that's crash-landed here from –

(FX: SPLATCH! FRUIT HITS HIM!)

Oh, the fruit thrower! I might have known you'd be here!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(FX: RUSHING FORWARD, UP WOODEN STEPS) Wait! Master Kincaid. Wait!

(FX: THE CROWD HUSHES)

DOCTOR:

Squire Portillon! You don't half leave things until the last minute.

SQUIRE:

(TO THE CROWD) P-perhaps there is something in what the Doctor says. This all began with the lights over the Tor, last spring, did it not?

(FX: MURMURS OF AGREEMENT)

MASTER KINCAID:

(SOTTO TO PORTILLON) Don't be a fool, Squire. Cross me and you'll be joining them on this scaffold. (TO THE CROWD) A ship, run aground on a hillside? Only Satan's silver tongue could make the Squire contemplate such a thing.

(FX: MORE ENTHUSIASTIC MURMURS OF AGREEMENT)

DOCTOR:

Squire Portillon knows about the ship. Don't you, Squire. Just like you know there's something very wrong with your twins!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

The twins?

(FX: MURMURS OF CONFUSION FROM THE CROWD)

AGNES:

(TO THE DOCTOR) No, Doctor! Not the children!

DOCTOR:

(TO AGNES) You said it yourself, Agnes! They were good kids! They've changed! Why is that?

LUCERN [C17]:

(RUSHING FORWARD FROM OFF) Father!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Lucern, Finicia. This is no place for you.

FINICIA [C17]:

Please, Father. Don't let this witch defame us so!

DOCTOR:

Finicia and Lucern were tender and merciful! Now they're whipping up torture and death! Don't you wonder why?

FINICIA [C17]:

(URGENT) Silence him, father! His lies are so cruel!

DOCTOR:

They're changelings! They died on Vetter's Tor!

(FX: GASPS FROM THE CROWD)

(TO PORTILLON) Those husks in Morris's barn – those were your children!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(SHAKEN) W-what?

AGNES:

Doctor, please. Let it end, here.

DOCTOR:

Squire! Please! You have to listen – or your village is doomed!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Witch-Pricker, I think we should [reconsider] -

FINICIA [C17]:

Father! Lucern and I are your very flesh!

MASTER KINCAID:

Your pretty daughter is right as always, Squire. You are weak and so very malleable. (ORATING) These dogs are too dangerous to hang! (DISAPPOINTMENT FROM THE CROWD) Only fire will truly cleanse the Devil!

VILLAGERS:

(CHEERING) Burn them! Burn them! [ETC, CONTINUES UNDER:]

MASTER KINCAID:

(ORDERING, OFF) Fetch kindling! Make a pyre!

(FX: CHEER OF ACTIVITY!)

52: INT. TARDIS (LIBRARY AREA)

(FX: MARY'S CLIMBING A LADDER, HIGH ABOVE.)

ALEISTER:

These bookstacks go on forever! There must be three Bodleians in here...!

MARY:

(ABOVE) Indeed.

ALEISTER:

(APROPOS OF NOTHING) Didn't you mention Mary Shelley earlier...?

MARY:

(ABOVE) Mary Godwin. Yes.

ALEISTER:

If you say so. I've her biography here.

(BEAT)

ALEISTER:

I said, I've her biography [here-]

MARY:

(ABOVE) I suppose it would be. The Doctor says there are a billion books in these stacks. Although he does tend to exaggerate. (STOPS CLIMBING) Would you slide my ladder a shade to the left?

ALEISTER:

Right you are. (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT)

(FX: CASTORS SORELY IN NEED OF OIL SQUEAK AS THEY ROLL.)

MARY:

(ABOVE) Stop! (FX: HE DOES) I see it! "A History of the Varaxil Hegemony." Here, catch! (FX: SHE THROWS A BOOK DOWN)

ALEISTER:

(CATCHING BOOK) Got it!

MARY:

(FX: CLIMBING DOWN LADDER) See what you can find in its pages.

ALEISTER:

Will do. (FX: LEAFING THROUGH PAGES) You know, I'm amazed this place isn't digitised. (EXCITEDLY) Ah-ha!

MARY:

(APPROACHING) Have you found something?

ALEISTER:

This illustration, here. Looks rather like that energy whatsit we saw, don't you think?

MARY:

Show me. (READING) Hmm. It appears such an 'energy field' may be triggered by creatures with 'Odic potential'.

ALEISTER:

Well, what's that when it's at home?

MARY:

I'm not entirely sure. It appears to be a latent ability in certain especially gifted individuals. According to the Doctor, all races have people with such 'Odic potential' among them. (THINKING) The Doctor assumed the creature – the witch – was a survivor from a crashed Varaxil vessel.

ALEISTER:

(LETS IT GO OVER HIS HEAD) Varaxil vessel. Yes. Good.

MARY:

But I begin to wonder if his conclusion was premature.

ALEISTER:

(TURNS A PAGE IDLY) I don't believe it! Look at this picture.

MARY:

A rather garish pendant or necklace. I fail to see the significance.

ALEISTER:

That 'pendant' is the Witches' Star. The heirloom those twins of yours took from my study!

53: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

MASTER KINCAID:

Light the fires!

VILLAGERS:

Burn them! Burn them! Burn them!

(FX: WHOMPF OF FLAMES)

VILLAGERS:

(MASSIVE CHEER GOES UP. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

MASTER KINCAID:

(TURNING TO LEAVE) The good Lord's judgement be done. You carry on, Cornet.

CORNET SWALLOW:

Master Kincaid! Aren't you staying – you know, to watch?

MASTER KINCAID:

Me, I've seen all this before. I take no pleasure in it.

(FX: KINCAID LEAVES. CROSS TO ON GALLOWS. FLAMES ROARING, KINDLING CRACKLES, VERY CLOSE)

BEATRIX:

(COUGHING, SOBBING) Please! Please, I didn't do nothing! It was them! I tried to save you. Please! (OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:

Agnes! Agnes! Can you hear me?

AGNES:

I hear you.

DOCTOR:

Agnes, listen! You need to call up your gift! Your visions!

AGNES:

(COUGHING) You had me bury them, Doctor. Let me die in peace.

(FX: BEATRIX IS SOBBING IN THE BACKGROUND.)

DOCTOR:

I was wrong! I didn't understand what they wanted!

AGNES:

What who wanted?

DOCTOR:

The Varaxils! The twins! They don't want to hurt you! You have to make them realise you fooled their scan! Remember what I told you before?

AGNES:

If you reckon I'm going to leave this life contemplating turnips, you've got another think coming.

DOCTOR:

No, that's not it. Open your eyes. Open your mind! I want you to behold the stars!

54: INT. TARDIS (CONTROL ROOM)

(FX: MARY WALKING, ALEISTER FOLLOWING)

MARY:

(FX: WALKING, LEAFING THROUGH PAGES) According to this, the pendant you call the Witches' Star detects and contains Odic energy. The very force the Varaxils use to power their world. (FX: STOPS WALKING, NOW BESIDE CONSOLE) Aleister, we are missing a vital piece of the jigsaw.

ALEISTER:

Well, this volume of the Doctor's is a load of old rot, I'm afraid. The Witches' Star has been in my family since [the] –

MARY:

Since the 17th century. I know.

ALEISTER:

Well, really! How on Earth could you [possibly] –

MARY:

Shush! (READING) "Artefacts retrieved from the Hecatrix Dimension enabled the Varaxil race to reverse the harm their heretical science had inflicted upon the cosmos." Hmm. I feel the author of this text lacks a degree of objectivity.

ALEISTER:

If that thing from the well's an example of their science, then I tend to side with him or her.

MARY:

(READING) "The technology of the Witch Dimension is unstable. Prone to catastrophic failure in proximity to fields of Lotic [Force]" –

(FX: SUDDENLY – A WEIRD ALARM RINGS, FROM THE CONSOLE)

ALEISTER:

What's that?

MARY:

A warning! (STUDYING CONSOLE) According to this display – the Doctor's vessel is telling us there's Odic energy nearby.

ALEISTER:

Where?

MARY:

I don't know. Somewhere in the house.

55: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: THE FLAMES GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER)

DOCTOR:

(CHOKING ON SMOKE) Trust me, Agnes! When you were arrested, you told them you'd seen other worlds, other spheres!

AGNES:

(DITTO) What of them? What are you jabbering on about?

DOCTOR:

An infinite void, you said! Silver ships sailing between the stars! I want you to open your mind, Agnes. Open your mind to the visions. Please!!!

AGNES:

(RECALLING...) I see them. The silver ships. Other worlds, where jewels grow like weeds in metal meadows.

DOCTOR:

That's it, Agnes! Hold that thought! Hold it in your mind's eye!

AGNES:

Waterfalls... waterfalls of liquid gold..

(FX: CROSS TO THE CROWD – VILLAGERS JEERING. FLAMES ROARING OFF, CONSUMING THE GALLOWES. WE'RE WITH KINCAID, THE SQUIRE AND THE TWINS. AND THERE'S A WEIRD MECHANICAL ULULATION – THE VARAXIL'S SCANNER.)

LUCERN [C17]:

(WHISPERED, URGENT) Sister! The WitchStar! It's located Odic potential!

FINICIA [C17]:

(SOTTO) The humans on the gallows!

LUCERN [C17]:

(SOTTO) That's not possible! We scanned them in the cells. They were hollow!

FINICIA [C17]:

(SOTTO) You must have misread the WitchStar.

LUCERN [C17]:

(SOTTO) I was meticulous. I'm always [meticulous] –

FINICIA [C17]:

(SOTTO) The WitchStar Configuration is infallible. You, brother, are not!

LUCERN [C17]:

(SOTTO) Then we have to save them from the flames!

FINICIA [C17]:

(SOTTO) Follow my lead. (CRIES OUT) Father! Father!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(OFF) What is it, Finicia?

FINICIA [C17]:

We lied. About Agnes and Beatrix and the stranger.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(AGHAST) Lied!

FINICIA [C17]:

We didn't want to. There were demons, father – in our heads! They possessed us, preyed on our purity, made us invent such wicked lies!

LUCERN [C17]:

It's true, father! They filled us with hate!

FINICIA [C17]:

They spoke in our dreams!

LUCERN [C17]:

In the tongues of beasts!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Are you saying you never saw Agnes consort with the Devil?

FINICIA [C17]:

They're innocent, father! They're all innocent!

LUCERN[C17]:

Oh father! Forgive us! Forgive your poor children!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(SHOUTS, RUNNING) Cornet! Cornet Swallow! Tell your men to smother the flames. Now, before it's too late!

CORNET SWALLOW:

(DOUBTFUL) Best check with the Witch-Pricker first...

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Damn the Witch-Pricker to perdition! Hurry, man – or would you consign your soul to hell by incinerating three innocents?

CORNET SWALLOW:

Innocents? (BARKING ORDERS) You there, you heard the Squire! There are buckets by the horse-trough!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

And give me your knife! I have to cut them free!

56: INT. TRENCHARDS FOLLY (MAIN ENTRANCE)

(FX: MARY CLOSING TARDIS DOORS BEHIND HERSELF AND ALEISTER)

ALEISTER:

Is this entirely wise? Shouldn't we stay in the Doctor's ship?

MARY:

And remain ignorant to the truth? No. What puzzles me is how the TARDIS knew we were seeking Odic energy?

ALEISTER:

(FLIPPANT) Maybe it read your mind?

MARY:

(SERIOUS) Maybe it did.

(FX: A LONG DRAWN-OUT SCREAM OF PAIN, FROM UPSTAIRS: THE WITCH)

ALEISTER:

The witch!

MARY:

Upstairs. Come on!

(FX: RUSHES OFF, FOLLOWED BY ALEISTER)

57: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: EVERYONE COUGHING FROM THE SMOKE. WATER SPLASHES ONTO THE FLAMES.)

VILLAGERS:

(ACTIVE, EXTINGUISHING THE FLAMES)

CORNET SWALLOW:

Come on, you lot. Fill the buckets!

(FX: CROSS TO ON GALLOWS.)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Agnes! Can you hear me? Agnes?

AGNES:

(WHEEZY, FAINT) Squire... I don't [understand] –

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(CALLING) She's alive! Hurry, you men! Cut the others free as well! This execution's a monstrous misdeed!

DOCTOR:

(COUGHING HIS LUNGS UP) Not me! Get Beatrix first!

CORNET SWALLOW:

(ARRIVING BESIDE HIM) Too late for that one, sir. She's dead. Breathed in too much smoke.

DOCTOR:

Dead? She can't be! She's just unconscious. (STRUGGLES TO WHERE BEATRIX LIES SLUMPED AGAINST A STAKE. STARTS SLAPPING HER FACE) Beatrix! Can you hear me? Beatrix! Beatrix!

AGNES:

(COMING UP. GENTLY) She's gone, Doctor. Let her rest.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(TO SWALLOW) Take them to the manor, Cornet. Have my household bathe them, give them food and warm beds.

CORNET SWALLOW:

Sir!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(TO SELF) And then I shall have words with your "Witch-Pricker"!

58: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: MARY AND ALEISTER, RUNNING ON WOOD FLOORS – BOTH BREATHING HARD. THEY CAN HEAR FISTS HAMMERING ON A DOOR, UP AHEAD. MUFFLED SHRIEKS FROM THE WITCH FROM THE WELL.)

ALEISTER:

(RUNNING) Second floor landing! Sounds like the creature's caught! Thank goodness!

MARY:

(RUNNING) This is all wrong. Listen to those screams! It's terrified! I fear we've misidentified the victim in this dreadful affair.

ALEISTER:

(RUNNING) Just up here – (SEES LUCERN & FINICIA WAITING, SKIDS TO STOP) Woah!

MARY:

Lucern! Finicia! What in heaven's name are you doing?

(FX: THE BANGING MUCH CLOSER NOW.)

FINICIA:

We knew you were looking for us. We're sorry we hid. Only we have a mission, you see.

LUCERN:

A sacred oath. We have to catch the witch.

MARY:

Where is she? The witch?

FINICIA:

Trapped behind that door. Caught in our Loric web.

(FX: HAMMERING GROWS WILDER. PRIMAL SHRIEKS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.)

ALEISTER:

Those screams!

MARY:

What living thing can endure such pain?

FINICIA:

None. Which is why we have to take the life from it.

MARY:

You'll do no such thing!

59: INT. MANOR HOUSE (BEDROOM)

AGNES:

(QUIETLY) She was dim, she was selfish – but Beatrix didn't deserve to die. Not like that!

DOCTOR:

No-one deserves to die like that, Agnes.

(FX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. IT OPENS.)

AGNES:

(STARTLED) Finicia! You shouldn't be here. If Kincaid were to [find you] –

FINICIA [C17]:

But this is our home.

LUCERN [C17]:

We're the Squire's children. Whatever the Doctor says.

FINICIA [C17]:

You birthed us, healer. You took us from our mother's womb.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I think she did rather more than that. Didn't you, Agnes? The peasant girl and the Squire. The village gossips were right, weren't they?

AGNES:

I don't know what you mean, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Oh, come on! This pair tried to have you burned alive, and still you don't believe there's a bad bone in them. Talk about maternal instinct.

LUCERN [C17]:

But we took their memories! How did we not know?

AGNES:

(WITH A HEAVY SIGH) The Squire's wife didn't die in childbirth, she died o' the pox. But since I were pregnant by the Squire already, his poor dead wife's 'confinement' were all the cover needed. When my time came, he took you from me and claimed you were hers. Better that, than for the pair of you to be branded illegitimate.

DOCTOR:

Agnes – these are not your children. They're Varaxils.

LUCERN [C17]:

We took your children's memories, Agnes Bates.

FINICIA [C17]:

Everything they were, we are.

DOCTOR:

Stop it! Both of you! That's a lie and you know it! (GENTLY) I don't think they meant to harm Finicia and Lucern, Agnes. That's not why they came here. I think they're here to save you.

AGNES:

Save me? No.

60: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: THE TRAPPED WITCH'S HAMMERING BEHIND THE DOOR CONTINUES. HER SHRIEKS HAVE STOPPED, SHE'S BACK TO MUTTERING NAMES:)

WITCH:

(MUFFLED) Karavax. Neya. Illutem. Li'huan of Merkus. Rakib undead. Oluro. Narii. Nazev...

MARY:

(OVER THE WITCH) Listen to her! She's hurt and afraid. Finicia, Lucern – come with me to the TARDIS, show me how to re-engage the controls. We'll find the Doctor, he'll know what to do for the best.

LUCERN:

Do you hear, sister? She thinks the Gallifreyan will help her.

FINICIA:

Such a stupid woman. Don't you know that without the Doctor, none of this would have happened?

MARY:

How dare you blame the Doctor for this!

FINICIA:

Be silent! We've waited so long to accomplish our mission. Brother, are you ready?

LUCERN:

Yes, sister.

(FX: THE MECHANICAL ULULATION OF THEIR WITCHSTAR BEGINS.)

ALEISTER:

The Witches' Star!

(FX: THE HAMMERING FROM BEHIND THE DOOR IS FRENZIED!)

WITCH:

(MUFFLED, TERRIFIED) Orfak! Osidarax! Rakhi!

FINICIA:

Open the door, brother. Let's end this.

61: INT. MANOR HOUSE (BEDROOM)

DOCTOR:

I should have understood when I found your crashed ship. What would a race that embraced Odic power want with a hold full of Lokic containment webs?

FINICIA [C17]:

You overestimate yourself, Doctor. You don't understand at all.

DOCTOR:

Then, on the gallows, with the flames around us, it suddenly made sense: you'd sentenced us to death not because you'd detected Agnes' higher evolution, but because you hadn't. Because I'd stupidly told her to conceal it from you. The Varaxils travel the stars in search of Odic sensitives, like that poor flux imp you took from the Pherkad array. Like Agnes.

LUCERN [C17]:

Like our mother.

DOCTOR:

Your race knows from experience how a gift like hers inspires hate and prejudice. You vowed to save others from the same fate. So you collect them, you preserve them in stasis in your ship's hold, you take them to your homeworld. The only planet in the galaxy where they can live free from persecution. Is that about the size of it?

AGNES:

(SO VERY SAD) Oh Doctor. You couldn't be more wrong.

DOCTOR:

Agnes?

FINICIA [C17]:

The witch sees the truth, Doctor.

AGNES:

Every beast, fish and fowl across the infinity of worlds condemned their infernal engines. The Varaxils were outcasts.

DOCTOR:

(IMPATIENT) I know that.

FINICIA [C17]:

Yet you've failed to grasp what follows from that simple fact. When the universe proclaims your very existence to be abhorrent, Doctor, what then?

DOCTOR:

(DAWNING REALISATION) No...

LUCERN [C17]:
(SATISFACTION) Now he understands.

AGNES:
They travel the stars, Doctor, seeking souls such as mine. But they don't want to save us.

LUCERN [C17]:
We drain their profane essence. We chain them in Lokic webs. We take them back to Varax Beta.

DOCTOR:
And you kill them.

FINICIA [C17]:
We're not monsters, Doctor.

LUCERN [C17]:
We bury them alive in tombs of reinforced tyrillium, six miles deep.

FINICIA [C17]:
Two centuries ago, we began by smashing the heretical machines that had made us so despised. Then we rounded up the Odic mutations among our own kind.

AGNES:
They herded them – us – into camps, Doctor. Like animals.

LUCERN [C17]:
But that wasn't enough. We had to do penance. The Varaxils had to prove beyond doubt that we had truly abandoned our sinful technologies. So we became a scourge. We swore a sacred oath: to eradicate Odic power from the cosmos.

FINICIA [C17]:
That's what happens if you tell a race their very civilisation is an affront to creation, Doctor. Say it often enough, say it for millennia, never stop saying it...

DOCTOR:
(APPALLED) ... and finally, one day, you believe it.

FINICIA [C17]:
Every Varaxil has vowed to hunt down those hideous abominations, across all space and time. Isn't that what you all wanted?

(FX: MECHANICAL ULULATION OF THE WITCHSTAR DEVICE STARTS UP.)

LUCERN [C17]:
Time to end this, Doctor. Time to kill the witch.

62: INT. MANOR HOUSE (DINING ROOM)

(FX: A MEAL – CUTLERY CLINKING ON PLATES.)

MASTER KINCAID:

An excellent meal. My thanks for your hospitality, Squire.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

A final courtesy, nothing more. By tomorrow, I want you and your men far away from this village. There's been a madness here since you arrived, Witch-Pricker, and it ends tonight.

MASTER KINCAID:

(POURS WINE) I've no wish to intrude where I'm unwelcome. But I have Parliament's contract to fulfil. Before I leave, I must perform one last investigation.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

As long as you're gone by dawn, I've no objection.

MASTER KINCAID:

Good. In that case... tell me about your children.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

My... my children?

MASTER KINCAID:

It's a fair question. When the Doctor claimed Lucern and Finicia were changelings, you seemed almost ready to believe him. Then, the twins themselves affirmed they'd been possessed.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(QUIET) They're all I have. Please, Witch-Pricker. This once, find mercy.

(FX: KINCAID PUSHES BACK HIS CHAIR AND STANDS UP.)

MASTER KINCAID:

Regretfully, I've no choice in the matter. I'll speak with them immediately. Pretty Finicia first, I think. I presume she's upstairs – abed?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(OUTRAGED) You will stay away from her!

(FX: HE JUMPS UP, DRAWS A BLADE.)

MASTER KINCAID:

(CALLING) Cornet!

(FX: SWALLOW RUSHES IN & GRABS PORTILLON)

CORNET SWALLOW:

Now sir! Settle, if you please.

MASTER KINCAID:

Be prudent, Squire. Cornet Swallow has enough blood on his hands. Don't force him to add you to his tally.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Damn you!

MASTER KINCAID:

Make sure he stays here, Cornet. If you'll excuse me, Squire, I've The Lord's work to do.

(FX: HE EXITS.)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(OFF, HELPLESS) Stay away from my daughter!

63: INT. MANOR HOUSE (BEDROOM)

(FX: THE WITCHSTAR'S ULULATIONS GROW IN VOLUME AND PITCH!)

LUCERN [C17]:

This device is a WitchStar Configuration. Our race's highest achievement, forged in the Hecatrix Dimension.

DOCTOR:

Are you mad? Witch Dimension science is unstable in this reality. And you're using it around Lokic fields! Don't you know how dangerous that is?

FINICIA [C17]:

The WitchStar drains the blasphemous energies of our prey. With it, we can contain them safely for transport to the homeworld.

DOCTOR:

And the husks in the barn? Accidents, I suppose?

LUCERN [C17]:

We had no chance to adjust the settings. All life has traces of Odic energy.

FINICIA [C17]:

We'd just crashed on this world. The farmer threatened us. Then we found the children.

AGNES:

(IN QUIET GRIEF) My babies.

LUCERN [C17]:

We'll end your pain, mother. Your childrens' essences are within the WitchStar, among a thousand other souls. You can join them.

AGNES:

(GETTING WEAKER) Doctor...!

(FX: THE WITCHSTAR'S FREQUENCY INCREASES.)

DOCTOR:

Switch it off! Can't you see it's killing her?

FINICIA [C17]:

That's rather the point, Doctor.

LUCERN [C17]:

If our ship were intact, we'd subdue her and seal her in a Lokic web. Then we'd deliver her to Varax Beta with our other captives.

FINICIA [C17]:

But since we'll not be leaving this ball of mud, we may as well kill her, here and now.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS, OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM.)

MASTER KINCAID:

(OFF) Finicia? Are you here, child? Your father has asked me to speak with you.

DOCTOR:

(YELLS) Witch-Pricker! In here!

(FX: KINCAID ENTERS.)

MASTER KINCAID:

By Heaven! What devilry is this?

DOCTOR:

The pendant in the boy's hand! Seize it!

LUCERN [C17]:

No!

MASTER KINCAID:

(GRABBING IT) I have it! This is a treasure indeed. Much too good for the daughter of a village squire.

FINICIA [C17]:

Give it to me! You don't know what you're doing!

DOCTOR:

See the jewelled bead, Witch-Pricker? That's it, now twist it. Good!

LUCERN [C17]:

Shut up! (HITS HIM!)

DOCTOR:

Ooof!

(FX: WITCHSTAR'S ULULATIONS DECREASE - GRADUALLY DYING AWAY. AGNES MOANS)

DOCTOR:

Agnes? Agnes? Are you all right?

AGNES:

(GASPING) So weak...

MASTER KINCAID:

A strange trinket. It seems almost infernal.

FINICIA [C17]:

Please, Master Kincaid. Don't touch the WitchStar.

(FX: CLICK! SUDDENLY – A ROAR OF FORCE, LIKE A TSUNAMI!)

MASTER KINCAID:

The pendant! I can't let go! It's alive in my hand!

AGNES:

(SHRIEKS!)

DOCTOR:

(YELLING ABOVE THE DIN) Lucern! What's happening?

LUCERN [C17]:

He's released the Odic reservoir!

FINICIA [C17]:

A thousand lifeforces – set free!

AGNES:

A million stars igniting! A sea of souls!

DOCTOR:

Agnes! Stand back!

(FX: BRICKS AND MORTAR RUMBLE AND CRACK!)

AGNES:

(IN AGONY) I know their names! Ardax! Eraktath!

MASTER KINCAID:

Doctor – the witch is aflame!

(FX: A TIMBER BEAM CRASHES DOWN!)

DOCTOR:

Too much power! She can't absorb it, nothing living could! Get out of here, before she –!

AGNES:

(SHRIEKS)

(FX: BOOM! THE BEDROOM – THE HOUSE – BLASTED APART! AND ABOVE IT ALL, AGNES HOWLING, BURNING WITH ODIC POWER. SHE DOESN'T EVEN SOUND HUMAN ANYMORE – SHE SOUNDS LIKE THE WITCH FROM THE WELL!)

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

64: EXT. DEMOLISHED MANOR HOUSE (NIGHT)

(FX: FIRES ARE STILL BURNING, BUT GUTTERING BY NOW; A COUPLE OF HOURS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE BLAST. SQUIRE PORTILLON SCRABBLES AMONG THE RUINS. HE SHIFTS SOME DEBRIS.)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

John Kincaid. Can you hear me, Witch-Pricker?

MASTER KINCAID:

(MOANS)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

You're trapped. I'll dislodge this beam. It may cause you some pain. Three, two, one! (FX: HE LIFTS A HEAVY TIMBER ASIDE.)

MASTER KINCAID:

(GROANS)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Give me your arm and I'll pull you free.

(FX: HE DOES. BRICKS ARE DISLODGED. MORE GROANING.)

MASTER KINCAID:

By all that's holy, Squire! Thank the Lord that fiend is gone!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

She is with us still. Look towards Vetter's Tor.

MASTER KINCAID:

What?! (GASPS) Tranchard's Fell is aflame!

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

And in the sky above?

MASTER KINCAID:

By all the demons: she looks like a hawk from Hell.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Agnes Bates attacked the village. No mercy, no quarter. Your mercenaries are standing their ground as we bear the wounded to sanctuary. I came back to find you.

MASTER KINCAID:

And the Doctor?

65: EXT. TRANCHARD'S FELL (MAIN SQUARE)

(FX: FIRES BURNING – PUNCTUATED BY EXPLOSIONS. WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A POCKET BLITZ!)

AGNES/WITCH:

(OFF, HOWLING) Atviir! – Kulisarn! – Hitzo! – Zeraxi!

(FX: A VOLLEY OF MUSKET-FIRE. THE AGNES/WITCH SHRIEKS AND LAUGHS, CIRCLING AND SWOOSHING IN THE SKY ABOVE. ANOTHER EXPLOSION, MUCH CLOSER – SOLDIERS SCREAM AND DIE!)

CORNET SWALLOW:

Fall back, men! Find cover!

SOLDIER:

There's someone out there, sir! In the line of fire!

(FX: RUNNING ACROSS THE SQUARE – PURSUED BY A LINE OF ENERGY BOLTS LIKE TRACER SHELLS!)

CORNET SWALLOW:

It's the Doctor! (SHOUTS) Run, man! Run! Over here! Take my hand! Here soldier: help me pull him over the wall.

(FX: STRAINING, THEY HAUL THE DOCTOR INTO COVER. IN THE AIR ABOVE, THE AGNES/WITCH HOWLS AND SWOOSHES AWAY.)

CORNET SWALLOW:

Great heavens, man! Are you mad? What are you doing in the open?

DOCTOR:

(BREATHING HARD) Trying to talk to Agnes. Or whatever Agnes has become. A pointless exercise, alas.

CORNET SWALLOW:

You're lucky that creature didn't send your soul to Hell!

DOCTOR:

Tell me. The wounded, from the ruins of the manor house. Where were they taken?

CORNET SWALLOW:

The church. Where else?

DOCTOR:

Can you get me there in one piece?

66: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: A LOKIC CONTAINMENT WEB CRACKLES. THE CREATURE FROM THE WELL'S BEHIND IT, FLAILING AND HISSING. THE WITCHSTAR CONFIGURATION ULULATES – MAXIMUM POWER!)

WITCH:

Demoz of Rexet. Iroox Sigma. High Imperatrix Teluush...

FINICIA:

Full power to the WitchStar, brother!

LUCERN:

It *is* at full power, sister!

ALEISTER:

Look, I know this isn't a good time. But who are you and what are you doing going round claiming to be my children?

FINICIA:

Don't you recognise us, my Lord?

LUCERN:

You're the nephew of our great-great-great-[great-] –

MARY:

(IMPATIENT) They're family, Aleister. That's all you need to know.

WITCH:

(FADING) Ixomin. The Kalazed. Vallezic...

LUCERN:

Sister mine! The Witch is fading! The Configuration cannot hold her!

FINICIA:

No! She must not evade us again!

67: INT. CHURCH

(FX: WE CAN HEAR THE FIRES, THE EXPLOSIONS AND THE AGNES/WITCH'S SHRIEKS – BUT THEY'RE OUTSIDE, MUFFLED. THE CHURCH'S INTERIOR IS FILLED WITH THE GROANS OF THE INJURED.)

MASTER KINCAID:

(WALKING THROUGH, IN PAIN HIMSELF) My troopers are the finest mercenaries in Lincoln, deserters from Parliament's own. They'll take that devil down. This will be a glorious victory.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(WALKING) The wounded and dying would dispute there's glory here. But Tranchard's Fell is in debt to any man who'll raise a pike or fire a matchlock against that abomination.

(FX: THE CHURCH DOORS BANG OPEN. THE DOCTOR ENTERS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE SOLDIER WHO SAVED HIM.)

MASTER KINCAID:

Cornet Swallow – you were ordered to protect this church from the witch! How dare you abandon the field?

CORNET SWALLOW:

(APPROACHING) Sir, I found this man in the main square. He demanded to speak with the Squire's twins.

DOCTOR:

(WAVING) Hello again.

MASTER KINCAID/SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Doctor?!?

DOCTOR:

The very same. And before you say it, Witch-Pricker, yes I daresay I do have the luck of the Devil. Now, where are Finicia and Lucern?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

My children are in the chancel with the rest of the wounded, Doctor. They may not survive.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

MASTER KINCAID:

Faith will deliver us all, Doctor.

CORNET SWALLOW:

Begging your pardon sir, but you haven't faced that thing. Our pikes and musket-balls can't get near her.

DOCTOR:

What happened to the WitchStar Configuration, Kincaid? After you triggered it at the manor house?

MASTER KINCAID:

The young girl's pendant? Lost in the explosion, I imagine.

DOCTOR:

Pity. Still, without the twins I doubt we could operate it anyway. Odic technology's arcane, it doesn't follow physical laws. (THEN, THOUGHTFUL) On the other hand, a Lokic field's simple as hydrogen, helium, lithium.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

There is rarely anything simple in what you say, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Sorry. Sometimes even I don't understand what I'm talking about. Cornet Swallow: can you muster half a dozen of your finest men and get me to Vetter's Tor?

MASTER KINCAID:

Those troops are under my command, Doctor! I will not have you [giving orders] –

CORNET SWALLOW:

I'd be glad to ride with you, Doctor. But I can't leave men here to face that witch without a leader.

DOCTOR:

How about you, Kincaid? They're under your command, after all.

MASTER KINCAID:

I'm... a man of the church. Not a soldier. In fact, I believe it's the Lord's design that I go with you to Vetter's Tor.

DOCTOR:

Oh that's perfect. A frightened zealot with a God complex. What could possibly go wrong?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

This village is my responsibility, Cornet. I'll be honoured if your men will allow me to lead them.

CORNET SWALLOW:

The honour will be theirs, sir.

DOCTOR:

If we fail on Vetter's Tor, you'll die here, Squire.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Well, it wouldn't be my first error of judgement, would it now?

68: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: AS BEFORE)

WITCH:

(FADING) Atviir! – Kulisarn! – Hitzo! – Zeraxi!

LUCERN:

The Lokic web should suppress her power. Yet she's already translucent!

ALEISTER:

Now look here. I don't have the foggiest what any of this is about, and Lord knows I don't owe that creature any favours – but if she's going, let her go!

(FX: BEHIND THE ELECTRIC FIELD, THE WITCH SNARLS PLAINLY)

MARY:

Well said, Aleister. (TO TWINS) Whatever her language, it's plain enough the creature's in agony. And whatever her crimes, you've no right to make her suffer!

LUCERN:

We have an oath.

(FX: THE CREATURE SNARLS AGAIN – SOUNDING DISTANT & DISTORTED)

FINICIA:

Restrain the witch, brother! If she slips from our grasp, our sacred mission fails!

WITCH:

(GASPING FOR BREATH) The Slazeen... Mumix of Alasus Cluster... Pelamast...

ALEISTER:

I say! Isn't she...?

MARY:

Exactly! (TO TWINS) Lucern, Finicia – can't you see? The witch isn't escaping – she's *changing!*

69: EXT. VETTER'S TOR

(FX: 9 x HORSES IN MOTION. A SMALL COLUMN OF RIDERS.)

DOCTOR:

(ON HORSEBACK) How many times do I have to tell you: Agnes is not a witch?

MASTER KINCAID:

(ON HORSEBACK) If there were truly monsters from the heavens as you claim, Doctor, then I would have long since taken to my heels and fled like a boy in skirts. I've no protection against such things. But Agnes is a witch and my faith will defend me against Satan's black arts.

DOCTOR:

(ON HORSEBACK) So this Divine purge of yours isn't an act? You're really here to save Tranchard's Fell?

MASTER KINCAID:

(ON HORSEBACK) I am. I defend the Protectorate and all who serve under it.

DOCTOR:

(ON HORSEBACK) Ah, so one eye on the heavens and one firmly on your future employment prospects. Rid Tranchard's Fell of its resident witch and your reputation grows, your name's lauded all across the Protectorate. Who knows, you might even catch the eye of Cromwell. That's less a holy crusade, more a career opportunity. (CALLING OUT) Whoa! We're here.

(FX: THE HORSES STOP.)

MASTER KINCAID:

I see no wrecked freighter.

DOCTOR:

(DISMOUNTING) It's buried. See that opening in the hillside? That's the entrance to below decks.

CORNET SWALLOW:

(CALLING) Arm yourselves, lads. We're going in!

DOCTOR:

Sorry, Swallow, but you're not. I need to find an empty Lokic web in there and disconnect it, so we can take it back to Tranchard's Fell. It'll be a lot easier without your men cluttering up the place.

MASTER KINCAID:

(DISMOUNTING) That's as maybe, Doctor. But I would see this devil's lair for myself.

DOCTOR:

Very well, Witch-Pricker. Although I should warn you: your view of the universe is about to be seriously expanded.

MASTER KINCAID:

Less verbosity, Doctor. More alacrity.

DOCTOR:

First sensible thing I've heard you say. Come on, you can give me a hand with the hatch.

(FX: THEY STRIDE OFF TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE)

70: INT. VARAXIL SHIP

(FX: THE SHIP'S 'CIRCUIT HEARTBEAT' PULSES. THE HATCH OPENS & THE DOCTOR AND KINCAID CLAMBER DOWN LADDER)

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLIMBING DOWN LADDER) Most of these webs are occupied. The Varaxils must've spent a lifetime capturing and imprisoning their prey before they crashed on Earth. (FX: FEET ON FLOOR) There are creatures here from all over your galaxy.

MASTER KINCAID:

(FX: FEET ON FLOOR) Such monsters!

(FX: A LOKIC CONTAINMENT WEB CRACKLES AS KINCAID PROBES IT. FROM WITHIN, A SENSUOUS FEMALE VOICE LAUGHS – ERISI LAUGHTER FROM 'THE ENTROPY COMPOSITION')

DOCTOR:

Please, don't disturb the Erisi. Help me find an empty containment web. Ah, here's one!

MASTER KINCAID:

This place is a blasphemous second Ark.

DOCTOR:

(TWIDDLING WITH THE EMPTY LOKIC WEB) Oh, this is interesting! These units trap the Odic power within their prisoners – not the prisoners themselves. That's why the flux imp wasn't sucked dry when it died, like those husks in the barn.

(FX: SUDDEN MELEE OUTSIDE, MUFFLED BY AIRLOCK. SOLDIERS SHOUT, HORSES WHINNY. ABOVE IT ALL, AGNES/WITCH SHRIEKS AND HOWLS!)

MASTER KINCAID:

The witch! She's followed us!

(FX: EXPLOSIONS TOP-SIDE! MEN SCREAMING AS THEY'RE ATOMIZED!)

DOCTOR:

Change of plan! We're not taking the containment web back to the village anymore – we need to trap her down here!

(FX: MORE SCREAMS – THE SOLDIERS HAVE FAILED! AGNES/WITCH IS SCUTTLING DOWN THE ENTRY LADDER!)

AGNES/WITCH:

(MUTTERS) Amisovan – Ezrir of Traken – Onivilet –

MASTER KINCAID:

Dear Lord! The witch is upon us!

(FX: AGNES/WITCH SWOOSHES INTO THE VARAXIL CRAFT – SHRIEKING!)

71: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: THE ELECTRIC CRACKLE OF THE LOKIC BARRIER. FROM BEHIND IT, A VOICE. ANCIENT, CRACKED – BUT ALL TOO RECOGNISABLE:)

AGNES:

(OFF, DISTORTED) Help me..

ALEISTER:

Look at her! She's changed into a woman. A human!

MARY:

I know her! I saw her once before, in Tranchard's Fell!

FINICIA:

She's altered her form! Stop her, brother! STOP THE WITCH!

MARY:

(FIRMLY) No! This ends here.

FINICIA:

What did you say?

MARY:

I have had quite enough of your wilfulness for one day, young girl! Unlock the TARDIS controls and return us to the Doctor.

FINICIA:

I am Third Trierarch to the Varax Citrine! How dare you speak to me like that?

MARY:

You will do as I say, young lady. And you will do it now.

(FX: SLAPS HER FACE!)

FINICIA:

(SEETHING) In 350 years, not one of the hollow primitives on this malodorous little planet has dared lay a hand on me!

MARY:

Well. That was most remiss of them.

FINICIA:

(FURIOUS HOWL!)

(FX: A STRUGGLE. GASPS OF PAIN – FINICIA WINS)

LUCERN:

Hold her, sister! I'll drain her to a husk – then we'll deal with the witch.

ALEISTER:

Now listen here, young man. (LUCERN PUNCHES HIM) Oof!

LUCERN:

You'll be next 'father'.

(FX: DOPPLER EFFECT, AS THE WITCHSTAR CONFIGURATION TURNS TOWARDS MARY. SHE STRUGGLES HARDER.)

FINICIA:

They always fight to survive. Don't they know it only makes the process more painful?

ALEISTER:

(WINDED) Please. You mustn't –

MARY:

(STRUGGLING, QUOTING FROM BOOK SHE READ IN PART 3) Aleister! The Doctor's book: "*The technology of the Witch Dimension is unstable...*"

LUCERN:

It'll prove more than stable enough to atomize you.

MARY:

Aleister! Remember: "*... Prone to catastrophic failure [in proximity to fields of Lokic force] -*"

ALEISTER:

... in proximity to fields of Lokic force." Of course! (HE LUNGES. THUMP! LUCERN GRUNTS, FALLS AGAINST THE WALL.) I have it! I have the Witches' Star!

FINICIA:

Hand it over, fool. If the WitchStar touches the containment web, the consequences could be catastrophic!

LUCERN:

(CHARGING ALEISTER) Give that back!

ALEISTER:

(CHARGED) Ooof!

(FX: WITCHSTAR GOES FLYING. PERHAPS A MUSICAL SHING! HERE)

FINICIA:

Catch it! Don't let it –

(FX: BOOM AS WITCHSTAR STRIKES WEB! A HELLISH CONFLAGRATION! BOTH VARAXILS SCREAM IN AGONY!)

MARY:

(HORRIFIED) Aleister!

72: INT. VARAXIL SHIP

(FX: THE AGNES/WITCH SHRIEKS, ADVANCING...)

AGNES/WITCH:

(MUTTERS) Udakoruc – The Golden Ilanora – Xetuz – Terothis –

MASTER KINCAID:

You've tricked me to Hell's gate, Doctor! Just like you did the butcher's daughter!

DOCTOR:

(STRAINING, SHIFTING HEAVY MACHINERY) Kincaid, shut up! Help me shift this containment web between her and us!

MASTER KINCAID:

Witch! Get down on your knees and denounce your dark master! (WITH A FLOURISH:) Or I'll draw the Devil from you with this!

(FX: A MECHANICAL ULULATION STARTS UP: THE WITCHSTAR!)

DOCTOR:

The WitchStar! You said it was lost, Kincaid!

MASTER KINCAID:

And you told me it would be useless, Doctor! But it lives in my hand! It is meant for me alone to wield!

(FX: AGNES/WITCH SCREECHES, SCUTTLES ACROSS THE METAL DECK.)

DOCTOR:

(GRUNTS, SCRAPING WEB UNIT ACROSS THE DECK) I can't move the containment web without you! Please, Kincaid – help me!

MASTER KINCAID:

A hundred souls I've saved from the Pit with no more than simple faith! How much more will I do now! With this witches' star, I'll redeem the Fallen One himself!

DOCTOR:

It won't work, Kincaid! Agnes is immune!

AGNES/WITCH:

(SNARLING, POUNCING) Chaguhl! Koth!

KINCAID:

Get thee behind me, Sata- (RIPPED TO SHREDS) Aaaaaargghhh!

(FX: THE WITCHSTAR BOUNCES ACROSS THE METALLIC DECK, ITS ULULATIONS DEACTIVATED. THE AGNES/WITCH SETTLES AGAIN. HER BREATHING RAGGED. A PAUSE.)

DOCTOR:
(QUIET) Agnes.

(FX: AGNES/WITCH GROWLS.)

DOCTOR:
Agnes. You're not gone. You're still in there. You must be.

(FX: AGNES/WITCH'S ANIMALISTIC SNARLS CONTINUE. OVER THEM:)

AGNES:
(DISTORTED, DISTANT) Help me...

DOCTOR:
Agnes! Is that you?

AGNES:
(DISTORTED, DISTANT) Ag-nes. Egorael. Veloog of Traxis. So many voices. So much pain.

DOCTOR:
All of them, interred on Varax Beta. Tens of thousands, entombed alive and alone, forbidden to die. Driven insane.

AGNES:
(DISTORTED, DISTANT) So much hatred!

DOCTOR:
You're not among them, Agnes. You're here, on Earth. The Varaxils called you an abomination. Kincaid thought you an evil, to be purged. But you're neither. You're a healer, remember?

AGNES:
(DISTORTED, DISTANT) Herbs, lotions, mushrooms...

DOCTOR:
That's right. You never wanted to hurt anyone. All you wanted was to make them well.

AGNES:
(DISTORTED, CLOSER) Make them well?

DOCTOR:
But you can't, Agnes. Not any more. All you can do now, is maim and destroy.

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) Destroy.

DOCTOR:

Listen to me, Agnes. You have to do something. You have to be so very brave. This is a Lokic web, do you know what that is?

(FX: THE AGNES/WITCH HISSES VEHEMENTLY.)

I need you to step into the web. You have to imprison yourself. I can't force you. You have to do this because you choose to.

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) I must give my life.

DOCTOR:

You won't die. But as long as that energy's boiling inside you, you'll be contained. If Mary gets my TARDIS back here – then I might be able to bring you back, somehow.

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) You'll save me, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I'll try, Agnes. I promise. But if I can't – if I fail – you still have to do this. You know you have to do this.

(FX: THE AGNES/WITCH IS SILENT, EXCEPT HER BREATHING. SHE SHUFFLES FORWARD.)

That's right, Agnes. Two more steps. Two more tiny steps..

(FX: SHUFFLE. SHUFFLE. PAUSE. AND – SPARKS! CRACKLING, FLARING, SHIMMERING SPARKS! THE AGNES/WITCH SCREAMS, FLAILS!)

DOCTOR:

(SOOTHING) Shh. Don't fight it. Please Agnes, you'll be at peace now.

(FX: AGNES/WITCH CALMS. THE CONTAINMENT WEB QUIETENS AS WELL.)

AGNES:

(MUTTERS) Nasekh. Sabaal. (VERY QUIET) Agnes... Bates.

DOCTOR:

At peace.

73: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: FLAMES RAGING)

MARY:

(SHAKING HIM) Aleister! Aleister, speak to me!

ALEISTER:

(COUGHS) Gosh, that was a heck of a bang, wasn't it?

MARY:

Aleister! Thank heavens!

(FX: THEY EMBRACE.)

ALEISTER:

Where are the twins? The Varaxi-whatsits.

MARY:

Dead, both of them.

ALEISTER:

Just like that?

MARY:

I presume they were rather more sensitive than us to the energies released by the blast.

AGNES:

(DISTORTED, LIKE A DISTANT RADIO SIGNAL) Egorael. Veloog of Traxis. So many voices.

ALEISTER:

The witch!

MARY:

She's alive! Help me, Aleister!

(FX: SHE SCRAMBLES TO AGNES.)

74: INT. VARAXIL SHIP

(FX: SQUIRE CLIMBING LAST RUNGS OF LADDER; THEN FEET ON FLOOR)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Doctor...? Master Kincaid...? Are you here...?

DOCTOR:

Ah, Squire Portillon! You made it, then.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Where's Master Kincaid.

DOCTOR:

He put himself in harm's way. Fatally, I'm afraid.

(FX: ELECTRIC CRACKLE.)

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

The witch! You trapped her?

DOCTOR:

Captured in the containment web.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

(CALLING OFF) Cornet Swallow! Down here, sir!

(FX: CORNET CLAMBERING DOWN LADDER IN B/G THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

She's perfectly safe in there, Squire. She can't hurt anyone, not any more.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

No, Doctor. It falls to me to decide the witch's fate now.

(FX: FEET ON FLOOR)

CORNET SWALLOW:

(WALKING OVER) Sire?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Fetch the Witch-Pricker's wagon. There's a dry well-shaft near Morris's farm. I would have you collect this – this cage of light, and seal it deep within the shaft.

DOCTOR:

And what if I stood in your way, Squire?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:

Then I would have the Cornet here put a musket-ball through your brain! (CALMER) Agnes Bates is dead. The witch killed her, as it killed so many others including Master Kincaid.

DOCTOR:
Who told you that? The twins?

(FX: A RATHER PREGNANT BEAT)

CORNET SWALLOW:
Beg pardon, my lord. Is this yours, sir? (HE HANDS PORTILLON THE WITCHSTAR)

DOCTOR:
The WitchStar Configuration! Portillon: don't.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
(MANIPULATES THE DEVICE. IT WHIRS AND HUMS) It's alive. What is this diabolical device, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
You really ought to let me look after that.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
Better, I think, that it's locked away. I and my descendants will keep it safe, down the generations.

DOCTOR:
You're making a mistake, Squire. If the twins should get hold of it -

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
I'll have other heirs in time, Doctor. The twins are my firstborn. But they won't have this bequest.

DOCTOR:
So you do believe me?

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
Lucern and Finicia are still flesh and blood to me. But... you planted doubts. I'll never love them as once I did. (BEAT) Come along, Doctor. Let us not part enemies. Will you ride with me, back to Tranchard's Fell?

DOCTOR:
I don't think so. I need a little fresh air.

SQUIRE PORTILLON:
Goodbye, then, Doctor. I, too, have no desire to linger in this infernal place. Lead the way, Cornet.

(FX: THEY BEGIN CLIMBING)

75: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (CORRIDOR)

(FX: JUST THE WHISPER OF AN ELECTRICAL CRACKLE – THE CONTAINMENT FIELD WAS SHORTED BY THE BLAST.)

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) So much pain. So much hatred!

MARY:

(APPROACHING AGNES) It's all right, I mean you no harm.

ALEISTER:

(TO MARY) Careful, you don't want it shorting out again.

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) Herbs, lotions, mushrooms...

(AGNES' WORDS ARE AN ECHO OF HER LAST CONVERSATION WITH THE DOCTOR – LIKE A RECORD REPEATING. MARY DOESN'T REALIZE THIS)

MARY:

You want me to heal you? I can't, I'm sorry – I don't have the skills. Here, rest your head in my lap – (ASTONISHMENT) Oh!

ALEISTER:

Bless my soul! She's made of smoke!

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) Make them well.

MARY:

I don't know what to do. Tell me what to do!

AGNES:

(DISTORTED – VERY CLOSE) Destroy. I must give my life.

MARY:

You've been so alone, so many years. Alone in that Well...

AGNES:

(DISTORTED) You'll save me, Doctor?

MARY:

I won't leave you.

AGNES:

Nasekh. Sabaal. (VERY QUIET) Agnes... Bates.

(FX: THE MEREST RIPPLE OF ENERGY. IT FIZZES – AND DIES.)

ALEISTER:

She's gone. Whoever she was.

76: EXT. DESERTED FARM (NIGHT)

(FX: OWL HOOTS. NIGHT CHIRRUPS. OTHERWISE SILENCE.)

DOCTOR:

That's a jolly big stone the Squire's men found to cover the well. Is it really necessary, or do you Varaxils just have a tendency to overdo everything?

FINICIA [C17]:

The containment web has only a residue of power since you uncoupled it from our ship. The witch will be free in days – perhaps hours. When that happens, the well-shaft won't hold her.

DOCTOR:

But a stone seal will?

LUCERN [C17]:

Not on its own.

FINICIA [C17]:

There are symbols. Lokic Runes, as old as time. Carved on a stone seal, they'll confine Odic energy.

LUCERN [C17]:

The thing is, the runes must be precise. Perfect to the last micron. Otherwise they don't work.

DOCTOR [C17]:

Ah. Well, that's a problem for you then. Seventeenth-century stonemasonry tends to have considerably looser tolerances.

FINICIA [C17]:

A problem for us, Doctor. But not for you. Here.

(FX: SHE HANDS HIM SOMETHING.)

DOCTOR:

My sonic screwdriver! I suppose I should thank you for keeping it safe. But on reflection, I won't.

LUCERN [C17]:

We'll teach you the symbols. When you carve them on the stone, this world will be protected from the witch.

DOCTOR:

One day, someone's going to unseal the shaft. What happens then?

LUCERN [C17]:

You've seen her power. You know we can't stand against her as she is today.

FINICIA [C17]:

But Varaxils live a very long time, Doctor. As seasons pass, the forces within her will fade.

LUCERN [C17]:

And we'll still be here.

FINICIA [C17]:

When she emerges, we'll end her life. The WitchStar Configuration will complete its task.

DOCTOR:

Really? And what if you don't happen to have it to hand?

FINICIA [C17]:

(BITTER) You may have poisoned our father against us, Doctor, but we have centuries yet to discover its whereabouts.

DOCTOR:

I wish it were millennia. The thought of you roaming the Earth extracting souls with that thing chills my blood. You've done enough damage already.

LUCERN [C17]:

We have a sacred mission.

DOCTOR:

Sacred? You've taken the best this world has to offer and made her a ravening beast. You've buried her in a subterranean prison for centuries to come. And when you killed her children, you ended her line.

FINICIA [C17]:

They were hollow. They were nothing.

DOCTOR:

They carried her imprint – her genetic code! Two more victims in a holocaust of witches, ages long and a universe wide. Without your interference, humanity would have taken an evolutionary leap forward.

LUCERN [C17]:

You will never understand.

DOCTOR:

No, I won't. So what now? Carve the stone; seal the well; then you two sit here for hundreds of years and wait for Agnes Bates to escape?

FINICIA [C17]:

If your transport doesn't reappear, perhaps you'll be here with us, Doctor. How fitting that would be.

DOCTOR:

The Witch-Pricker had his faith. I have mine. (BEAT) Well – are you going to show me these runes, then? The sooner I'm done here, the better.

77: INT. TRANCHARDS FOLLY (ENTRANCE HALL)

(FX: MARY AND ALEISTER WALKING UP TO TARDIS.)

ALEISTER:

But I thought you said you couldn't fly this 'TARDIS'?

MARY:

Ah, but I don't have to. All I need do, I've realised, is place my trust in the TARDIS, and her Fast Return Switch. (WALKS TO STOP) It's all a matter of sequential regression.

ALEISTER:

Sometimes I wish I'd tried harder in science at school.

(FX: THEY COME TO A STOP BEFORE THE TARDIS)

MARY:

Well, thank you, Aleister, for all your assistance. And for showing me your most interesting library.

ALEISTER:

Oh. That. I've been thinking... The cult of the Byronic romantic: perhaps it's all a little adolescent for a man of my standing?

MARY:

I'm foursquare with you on the issue. Although I've a friend who'd disagree strongly.

ALEISTER:

I intend to redirect my studies to the Sixth Baron's contemporaries.

MARY:

Percy Shelley?

ALEISTER:

Possibly. Or else his wife. Which reminds me. In all the excitement, I must have accidentally pocketed... (TAKING A BOOK FROM HIS COAT) ... this.

MARY:

Mary Godwin's biography?

ALEISTER

Ought we to return it to the TARDIS library?

MARY:

Better, I think, that you keep it. A souvenir.

ALEISTER:

I should like that. It has a very fetching frontispiece. (HE KNOWS) Besides, I feel certain the Doctor has the original – the first edition, as it were.

MARY:

Goodbye, Aleister.

ALEISTER:

Goodbye...

(FX: SHE GOES INTO THE TARDIS.)

... Mary.

(FX: THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. FADE)

78: EXT. DESERTED FARM

(FX: THE DOCTOR'S CARVING, USING HIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER. THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF SONIC)

DOCTOR:
Mary...?

MARY:
(STEPPING OUT OF TARDIS) Doctor?

DOCTOR:
(RUSHING FORWARD) Mary, I could kiss you-!

(FX: HE JOYOUSLY KISSES HER. SHE PULLS AWAY.)

MARY:
Doctor!?! I'm delighted to see you also. But please, do remember I'm almost a married woman.

DOCTOR:
Yes – of course. But how on earth did you manage to pilot the TARDIS-?

MARY:
It was all a matter of [sequential –]

DOCTOR:
... Sequential regression, yes. (FX: PATS TARDIS) Good old TARDIS. And the Varaxils? Are they still...?

MARY:
They died, Doctor. And in a most unpleasant fashion.

DOCTOR:
Yes, that was always on the cards, I'm afraid. I must say, you've been terribly resourceful, I'm extremely impressed. What happened to the witch?

MARY:
Don't you mean 'to Agnes Bates'?

DOCTOR:
You found out?

MARY:
(MUCH MOVED, AS SHE REMEMBERS) I tried to hold her as she faded, Doctor. Five lifetimes and more from her age. She was so weak – so sad.

DOCTOR:

Nothing here happened the way it should.

MARY:

If that's so – then can we not change things? Can't we spare poor blameless Agnes those centuries of imprisonment and madness?

DOCTOR:

You've not been with me for long, Mary. You don't understand how this works.

MARY:

I understand that you make rules to suit yourself.

DOCTOR:

Will you walk with me? There's something you should see. Please?

79: EXT. FOREST

(FX: WALKING THROUGH THE FOREST. LEAVES RUSTLING AS FOLIAGE IS PARTED.)

DOCTOR:
(A FLORISH) Ta-daa!

MARY:
A peasant's cottage. What of it?

DOCTOR:
You'll see. (FOLLOW HIM AS HE RUSHES OVER TO DOOR)

MARY:
(FOLLOWING) Doctor, it has been the longest of days. It is nearly dawn, and I am not in the mood for socialising!

DOCTOR:
That's the trouble with you modern girls. No stamina.

(FX: THE DOCTOR KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. NO ANSWER)

MARY:
There's no-one here.

DOCTOR:
Patience. Please. (KNOCKS AGAIN, CALLS OUT) Are you packed yet? You said you wanted to be the other side of the Tor before nightfall!

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

AGNES:
Give me a chance, Doctor. Oh, I see your lady friend's back.

MARY:
(GOBSMACKED) Agnes?!?

80. EXT. MEADOW (DAY)

(FX: FADE UP. THE DOCTOR, MARY AND AGNES WALK. BIRDS CHIRP, THE SUN'S IN THE SKY, ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.)

MARY:

But you said you couldn't change events! You said you couldn't free her from the well!

AGNES:

Whoever said I was in the well, love?

DOCTOR:

What's trapped under the stone is the energy that Agnes absorbed from the WitchStar.

AGNES:

Glad to be rid of all that, I can tell you.

DOCTOR:

I rigged the Varaxil containment field to filter out the Odic power inside Agnes. It was tricky, I'll admit – I was pushed for time before the Squire plucked up courage to enter the ship. But I do like a challenge.

MARY:

And then, what? Agnes sneaked out of the vessel?

AGNES:

That's just how it was.

MARY:

The creature kept fading and reappearing at Tranchards Folly – like mist. The twins didn't understand why.

DOCTOR:

Well, they didn't know that what came out of the well was just an echo patterned after its last host. An Odic waveform, already dissipating the moment it was released.

AGNES:

Whatever you say, sir. It's all beyond me.

DOCTOR:

At least you needn't have to worry about the Varaxils. They won't stray far from the well for fear their 'witch' escapes them.

AGNES:

Aye, well. Serves them right. They always was cheeky children.

(FX: ALL STOP. A PAUSE.)

AGNES:

My route's east to the next parish from here. I'll bid you farewell, both o' thee.

DOCTOR:

I wish you the very best – wherever you end up.

MARY:

Goodbye, Agnes.

(FX: AGNES STUMPS OFF.)

MARY:

Where will she go, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

There must be hundreds of villages where she'll be valued more than she was in Tranchard's Fell. Her second sight may have gone, but her ability with herbs and simples remains as strong as ever. Still, it's a shame.

MARY:

A shame?

DOCTOR:

Humankind might have developed rather differently, had Agnes' gift survived.

MARY:

Then I am glad, Doctor. No one should be cursed with such 'gifts'. Prometheus stole the gift of fire from the gods and it led to war, destruction and untold misery. Unfettered, there's no knowing what evils such powers can achieve.

DOCTOR:

Prometheus Unfettered? You might want to work on that. Come on. It's a long way back to the TARDIS.

(MUSIC: CLOSING THEME)

THE END